ARE THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES PHYSICALLY FIT TO BE PRESIDENT? —*WHAT LIBERTY FOUND OUT!*

MAY 16, 1936

Liberty

5¢

WHY CLAUDETTE COLBERT DOES NOT FEAR RELIGIOUS DIFFERENCES IN HER MARRIAGE

WHAT JAFSIE TOLD HIS HIGH-SCHOOL GIRLS

The House of SCHENLEY

WHISKIES OF CHARACTER

THE FINER THE OAK, THE FINER THE BARREL

and the finer the whiskey character

In the Ozark Mountains there stretches a special tract of highly-prized white oaks... trees taller, broader, far older than their neighbors. Trees more fully seasoned by Mother Nature and Father Time... and therefore drier, and possessing the ideal quality and quantity of resins and gums that are so friendly to whiskies slowly aging in the wood. It is from these towering oaks that the barrels for *Schenley's* delicious Mark of Merit whiskies are fashioned. And so . . . when you taste that delicate barrel-seasoned richness which distinguishes *Schenley* whiskies, you can thank the giant Ozark oaks for the generous part they have played.

SCHENLEY'S **ANCIENT SPECIAL RESERVE**
BOTTLED IN BOND
under U. S. Gov't Supervision
100 proof Straight Whiskey

SCHENLEY'S
GOLDEN WEDDING
90 proof a Blend of
Straight Whiskies

SCHENLEY'S
OLD QUAKER Brand
90 proof
Straight Whiskey

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THE *Silence* OF ELECTROLUX SAYS "HERE'S THE REFRIGERATOR THAT'S REALLY DIFFERENT!"

It operates upon a basically different principle—without noise—without moving, wearing parts—giving constant cold for only a few pennies a day

ALL REFRIGERATORS differ in little ways . . . but your own ears will tell you that Electrolux differs basically from *all* the others. It's silent—and behind this silence is the reason for every one of Electrolux's exclusive advantages, a miraculously simple operating method.

SIMPLER FREEZING METHOD

There are no moving parts in Electrolux, and no need for them. A tiny gas flame does all the work without force or friction, circulating a simple refrigerant which, by being alternately cooled and heated, produces constant cold. Naturally you can expect greater satisfaction from such a refrigerator—lower running cost, fuller food protection, and longer years of service.

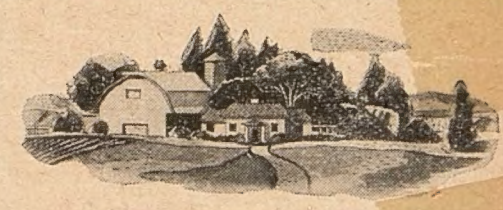
In actual dollars and cents this means a real saving to you—enough money saved over a period of years to pay for your Electrolux. Thus you can have the pleasure of silent, efficient refrigeration at less than the cost of "getting along" with an old type refrigerator.

PROMPT, WILLING SERVICE

See the new models on display at your gas company's or local dealer's showroom. You can believe your gas company when it says Electrolux offers you more—for no industry is more conscientious in its recommendations or more thorough in its service. (Electrolux also operates on bottled gas.)

SAVES MONEY THREE WAYS—Electrolux saves money on running cost and on food bills. In addition it gives you a *third* important saving . . . the saving on depreciation that only a refrigerator with no moving parts can offer.

THE MIRACLE OF THE FLAME THAT FREEZES—This simplified diagram shows why Electrolux needs no moving parts. Parts that do not move cannot wear. But its real "magic" is in the way it saves you money, every day, every year. Electrolux operates so economically that many owners tell us that it actually saves enough to pay for itself!



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The new kerosene-operated Electrolux is identical in every important way with the gas refrigerator that is serving finest city homes and apartments. Even though you may live far beyond the gas mains and electric lines, you can now enjoy the luxury and economy of perfect refrigeration. Write for further information. Servel, Inc., Electrolux Refrigerator Sales Division, Evansville, Indiana.

USES NO WATER

New Air-Cooled **ELECTROLUX**

THE SERVEL *Gas Refrigerator*

ENDORSED BY THE GREAT AMERICAN GAS INDUSTRY

MAY 16, 1936

Liberty

VOL. 13, NO. 20

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER

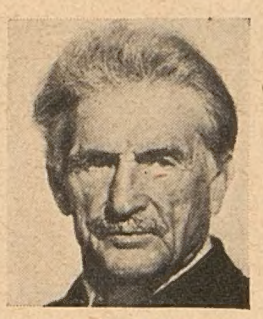
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR IN CHIEF

WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

WAR! WAR! An Open Let

AS an American citizen it would be difficult for me to express my indignation at the manner in which this country is ignoring the serious situation that menaces California and our entire Pacific coast—and perhaps our entire country.



BERNARR MACFADDEN

Some of our patriotic citizens can hardly express their feelings in this situation without sinking to a level of profanity. For more than a generation we have heard of the possibility of a war with Japan; but we are so self-satisfied, so big and strong—so we imagine—that we can go on our way nonchalantly.

But, unless we are being governed by a bunch of nitwits, this attitude should change—not next year or the year after, but as quickly as possible.

Officials who are in charge of the defense of this country should be aroused to action. The situation should never have been allowed to develop to its present status by those in charge of the defense of this country. Their neglect of duty in this emergency is truly appalling.

Before visiting California recently I was told there were less than one hundred thousand Japanese in that state. While there a prominent official informed me that there are two hundred and fifty thousand Japanese in California, and that they are all armed—that they bring their arms with them from their own country; that there are a hundred and twenty fishing boats in the bays of California large enough to be used as mine layers; that there are nearly a hundred and fifty Japanese owning private planes who were formerly bombing-plane pilots in the Japanese army. And that, furthermore, there are two hundred thousand Japanese soldiers in Mexico with a large number of commissioned and noncommissioned officers; that there are fifty thousand Japanese soldiers in Peru conveniently located to the Panama Canal. These soldiers are reservists, it is understood.

And what are we doing about this threatening situation now facing us? As far as the average citizen can see, we are doing nothing—absolutely nothing!

Doubtless the yearly increase in our battleships agreed upon in the recent Naval Conference may have been influenced by the possibility of a Japanese war. But as an American citizen I demand that we maintain a sufficient number of warships in the Pacific Ocean to destroy any Japanese fleet that may attack us.

I furthermore demand that we maintain American soldiers in California as large in number as the Japanese already have available there, which, if added to the soldiers in Peru and Mexico, would approximately total a half million.

I demand we increase our air fleet to such an extent that an invading army can be attacked by airplanes in such large numbers that they will seem like a swarm of buzzing bees to our enemies.

California is a wonderful state—rich almost beyond the wildest estimate. The climate is such that it is attracting hundreds of thousands of our people from other states.

The Japanese are an ambitious people. In their country they are glorifying the victories of war. We have insulted them by refusing to grant them the entry privileges given to the citizens of other countries. Possibly they would like an opportunity to prove that instead of being our inferiors they are our superiors.

There is only one way to insure lasting peace, and that is to be so thoroughly prepared with a powerful

ter to President Roosevelt

armament to repel an invading army that our enemies will be afraid to attack us.

There is a tense situation in California. Many of the citizens of that state are seriously worried. The War Department should create an impregnable defense without delay. The entire army of this country at the present time would doubtless not be sufficient in numbers to repel the force that is now available to Japan on our western coast. But facilities could be quickly inaugurated for increasing the state militia ten times, or a hundred times if necessary.

A very large auxiliary police force could be organized that would be available in case of emergency.

The statement has been made that any effort on our part to add to our defense armament would be considered an act of war by Japan; and if this statement is true, that situation alone is sufficient excuse for us to hasten the work of defense as fast as possible.

We should quickly increase the size of our army on a par with the various European nations. We should forget the "baloney" about our being isolated. Previous to the airplane such a theory might have been worth considering. But, with a half million soldiers available for a possible enemy, we should awaken to the dangers that confront us. If we were to build airplanes by the thousands—which would be comparatively easy at this time—we would have a dependable means of defense.

Cancellation of airplane contracts, with the ensuing tragic deaths of a large number of our soldiers who tried to replace the commercial pilots, is a black page in the record of this administration.

The impression everywhere acquired was to the effect that these contracts were canceled not so much because they were loaded with graft as to give opportunities to politicians who desired similar privileges in new contracts.

Aerial navigation was dealt a severe blow with the repudiation of these contracts. Even today jobs are scarce for pilots. But if the dire necessity for increased aerial armament is recognized, there should be work for every available expert in this field.

Airplane schools everywhere should be greatly increased in size, and a bonus should be offered to graduating pilots similar to the plan adhered to by practically all European nations.

If the money is not forthcoming to supply our crucial needs in this menacing situation, the members of Congress might find a very hot reception for them on returning home. The blam-jam fools who have been curtailing the activities of our munition plants ought to hang their heads in shame; and, furthermore, they should be placed in the front line of the army which may be needed to repel invaders!

Bernarr Macfadden

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OLD KENTUCKY HOME

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It's straight as whiskey can be. It's ripe, ruddy bourbon from Old Kentucky, where they know good whiskey and —more important to you—how to make it good. Its price is now down to the place where you can easily afford it without straining your budget.

With fifteen months of slow aging in wood, it's now better than ever. Eight times as many people are finding that out for themselves and that's how many more are buying it now as compared with last year.

You'll be smart to buy it too. For you'll be enjoying the taste you want in the kind of whiskey you want and still be money to the good.

In it you get not only mature age. You get full 93 proof, and *that means better whiskey!* You get natural brilliance and color. Before you taste it you can see its quality in the way it holds its sprightly full rich bead.

When you first try Crab Orchard you will say there's little wonder that it has become a nation's choice. Get it at bars and stores everywhere, and accept no substitutes.

A GOOD GUIDE NATIONAL DISTILLERS TO GOOD WHISKEY

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Sixty years ago this wonderful bourbon was an obscure whiskey at the Crab Orchard Springs Hotel in Kentucky. But was it good! Right after repeal it filled the bill because it was still good, straight, and low priced! *Today it is a bigger favorite than ever.*

Are the Republican Candidates Physically Fit to Be President?

It's a Man-Killing Job: Can They Stand the Gaff?—Here's What Liberty Found Out!

by WILL IRWIN

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

DURING a century and a half of our national existence we Americans have chosen our Presidents solely for what they had above the eyebrows—brains and character. It has never occurred to us until recently to consider what a candidate has below the eyebrows—physical health. Yet this has become a most important consideration. Will the candidate stand the gaff? Senator This or Governor That may be a beacon light of moral rectitude, a tower of intellect, and a lion of courage. But that will do us little good if he breaks down in the White House.

The Presidency has become a man-killing job. For constant strain and inescapable responsibility, none other in the world even begins to compare with it. France and Great Britain have, first, a president or a king to serve as ornamental head of the state and to direct the administrative bureaus; second, a premier or prime minister to create and drive legislation; third, a party whip to sit in the national legislature and keep the boys in line with the program.

Roughly speaking, we Americans have rolled these three trying and important functions into one wad and handed it to one man. Not only that: we have added to it a few fancy responsibilities of our own invention.

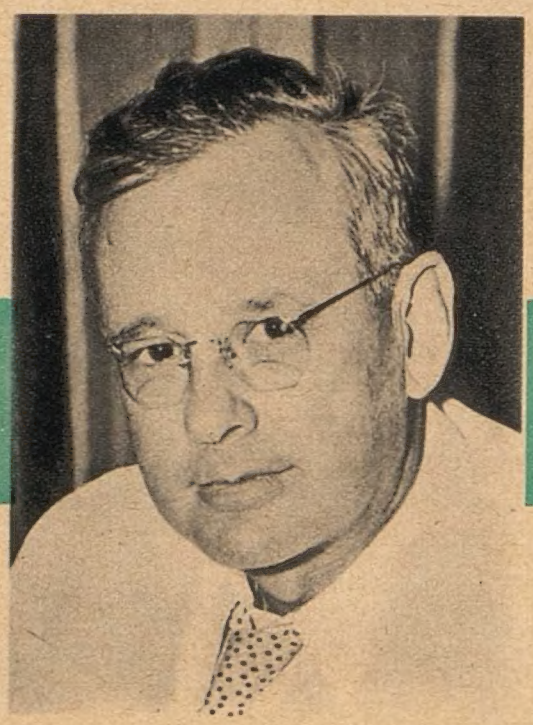
We have, it is true, a Vice-President. But in no way, except some indirect help in putting through the legislative program, does he take any of the responsibility from the shoulders of his chief.

In Great Britain — and the same is true in France—every member of the Prime Minister's official family sits in the national parliament and is responsible to that body for his administrative acts. Each week the House of Commons has a "question period" when cabinet ministers must stand up and take their heckling from the Opposition. With us, the members of cabinet are responsible only to the President. He must answer to the country and to Congress for their acts. Opposition congressmen, talking for the record during the dull periods, manage to heckle him behind his back. And he must arrange to have these attacks answered.

Finally, in both Britain and France the head of the state sits aloof, seeing whomever it pleases him to see. People do not call on him; he calls them to him. But our President has no such safeguard for his time and energy. Easy approachability has stood a tradition of American politics ever since the days of Andrew Jackson.

Yet nearly half of the callers who fill the President's mornings simply make him unnecessary work. Some are

Colonel Knox plays golf at least once a week in the open season.



Governor Landon rides horseback when there is a little leisure.

visiting the capital on important business which should be settled—and eventually will be settled—by some head of a department. But the American business man believes in "seeing the main squeeze." Also, in case the government decides against him, he can keep himself solid with his directors by assuring them that he "carried it clear up to the President."

And so, all day and far into the night, a President must endure "the hammering of personalities" and make, with the speed and snap judgment of a city editor, important decision after important decision. He takes brief and hurried vacations, it is true. But the country, with its problems, takes no vacation; also, the telegraph is working. Republicans who watched Hoover at work and Democrats who have been watching Roosevelt have said the same thing to me: "I can't see why any man wants to be President!"

Senator Vandenberg.

A man-killer, I have called it; and I mean just that. Since the World War two Presidents—Wilson and Harding—have died of it. Most of Coolidge's intimates believe that it shortened his life. Until we grow sensible and by Constitutional amendment split up this job, we have always to face the possibility that the President will break down, forcing upon us the awkward choice between removing him by impeachment and letting the ship of state wobble along without a pilot. And so, on the verge of our most important election of the century, the health of the proposed candidates becomes a matter of prime importance.

On the Democratic side, it would seem, as I write, that nothing short of his wholly unexpected death can prevent Franklin D. Roosevelt from heading the ticket. His single physical disability, partial paralysis of the motor nerves from the hips downward, has not affected his general health. Perhaps, indeed, it has been a blessing in disguise. He has used it as a readily accepted excuse to dodge some of the inconsequential chores of the office. He takes in the swimming pool that exercise which life in the White House demands. An examination made for Liberty in 1932 proved him physically as sound as a bell, with no flaws except the condition already noted. Allowing for increasing age, he appears just as sound today—even though he is a little tired. After three years in the modern White House any man is bound to be tired.

The Republican nomination is, at this moment, such a slippery gamble that the Wall Street betting commissioners refuse to lay down any odds on it. A very dark horse might conceivably edge in, as did Garfield in 1880. But the politically wise think that only six men stand a chance—Borah, Knox, Landon, Dickinson, Hoover, and Vandenberg. The three first-named are avowed candidates, now fighting it out in the primaries. The two last-named have not declared whether they would accept the honor even if offered. And Dickinson seems to occupy a borderland between the two classes. Let us begin—at random—with the candidate from Chicago.

Colonel Knox, stand up! Colonel Franklin Knox, gentlemen, veteran of two wars, in which he passed his physical examination with flying colors. As you will observe, at sixty-two he is still a fine figure of a man. Five feet nine and a half inches tall, he weighs in, stripped, at 190 pounds. Heavy for his height; but even in his youth he had a broad and stocky build. And his heart is decidedly a fine working organ. His pulse registers 72 beats to the minute—very good for his age. His systolic blood pressure is 130 and his diastolic 80. That is excellent. For other details: no edema (swelling) of the extremities; not a trace of albumin; blood count more than satisfactory; digestion sound; nervous reactions perfect.

He has had only one serious illness in his life—dysentery brought on by camp conditions in the Spanish War. That left no scar on his constitution. He takes care of himself, especially in the matter of exercise—walks constantly and plays golf, in the open season, at least once a week. Most pertinent of all, perhaps—a thorough physical overhaul in 1934 and another late in 1935 showed exactly the same results.

Next—picking at random—let us call in Governor Alf Landon. Here's another stocky individual. Just a shade shorter than Colonel Knox, he carries round 176 pounds. Experts on physical condition allow a man of his age a weight about 10 per cent above that of his twenties. Landon probably "stripped" at 160 when he was in college; so he is still inside of the safety line. Country bringing up has given him a reservoir of vitality. Heart and blood pressure are normal for his years. His digestion is the delight of every doctor who examines him. He has always eaten most temperately. His breakfast is moderate, his luncheon next to nothing at all, his dinner not excessive. He says himself that he would rather feel fit than feel stuffed.

As for exercise, twice a day he walks briskly back and forth between the Governor's mansion and the Capitol—eight long Western blocks—and when there is a little leisure he goes for a horseback ride at full gallop. In his vacations he hunts quail or coons and fly-fishes for brook trout.

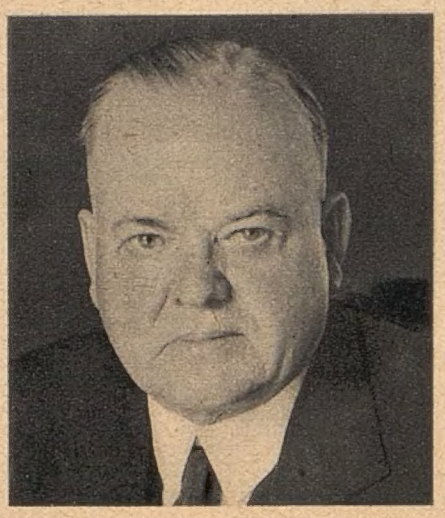
He has never experienced any really serious illness. Above all, he has the advantage of youth. If he should be elected, he would enter the White House at forty-nine. That would make him our youngest President in this century, with the single exception of Theodore Roosevelt.

NEXT, Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg of Michigan. Calling Senator Vandenberg! But there is no response. Although his name figures in most of the straw ballots, the senator maintains that he is not a candidate. And he refuses to give color to rumor by contributing data for this symposium. Not, in all probability, that he has anything to conceal. At fifty-two he looks all that a man of his age should be; and his friends say that he is remarkably healthy.

Herbert Hoover stands in a position somewhat similar. It will not be necessary to call him into the surgery. As an ex-President of the United States he should be exempt. Further, he has been through the mill, and his health stood the test. Five feet eleven inches tall, in his twenties he weighed a little more than 170 pounds. As President he tipped the beam at 185 pounds or less. At sixty-one he has risen to 188 pounds; but a fortnight of steady exercise would bring him back to his weight of 1932.

As the reader will remember, when he occupied the White House he played for half an hour every morning a curious game with an eight-pound medicine ball. It was a strenuous form of exercise—only a little less trying than boxing. Before Captain Joel T. Boone, the White House physician, let the President attempt anything so exacting, he insisted on a thorough physical examination. This he repeated every fortnight or so. To the end, he found the President as sound as an old-time dollar. Especially significant was the fact that his heart, healthy in every respect, responded normally to exercise. Also, his blood pressure was exceptionally good for his years.

(Continued on page ten)



Herbert Hoover exercises by fishing trout streams.

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the only complete low-priced car

MEN and women . . . young folks and grown-ups . . . people who live in large cities and people who live smaller communities . . . *all* like the new 1936 Chevrolet. ey are placing this beautiful new Chevrolet *first* in their or because it's *the only complete low-priced car.*

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SOLID STEEL ONE-PIECE TURRET TOP BODIES
GENUINE FISHER NO DRAFT VENTILATION
SHOCKPROOF STEERING* • GENERAL MOTORS INSTALLMENT PLAN—MONTHLY PAYMENTS TO SUIT YOUR PURSE • A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

**Available in Master De Luxe models only. Knee-Action, $20 additional. Chevrolet Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.*

(Continued from page eight) He is no younger than when he left the White House; but he has been taking the first real rest of his life. Heart and blood pressure are still far better than his age warrants; and he has developed no flaws. He has been getting his exercise by working on his Palo Alto place—he loves to dig in the dirt—by swimming and by whipping trout streams. His eyes are clear and his skin tanned. Hoover has experienced only one serious illness in his life. Like almost every white man who ventures into the jungles of Burma, he caught tropical malaria. That was a quarter of a century ago; and the doctors got the germs out of his system in less than a year.

Senator Borah delights in hours in the saddle.

Next, Senator Borah. He is the oldest of the lot. If nominated and elected, he would take the oath at the age of seventy-two. Well, we have elected older Presidents, and physical condition, rather than time, determines the real age of any man. One has only to watch Borah from the Senate gallery to realize that he is younger than his years. His face looks lined, but so it appeared twenty-five years ago. From constant use of the facial muscles, actors and orators always develop that peculiarity after they pass the first flush of youth. Looking at his erect spare figure, you would say that he stands at least six feet tall. That is an optical illusion—the commanding presence of the orator. He actually rises only a trifle more than five feet ten inches from the ground, and he tips the beam, minus his clothes, at about 165 pounds. He could not have weighed much less in his twenties.

He takes care of himself. Long ago he rose to such a position that he could afford to decline invitations to formal Washington dinners. That joyous grind has killed many a congressman. And when he does accept an invitation, he manages to ease himself out of the party by ten o'clock. He does not drink and he eats sparingly of simple food. He has all the old Westerner's delight in a horse. In Washington nowadays he takes long walks; but when at home in Idaho, between sessions, he still spends long hours in the saddle.

He knows how to relax. He has, above all, the gift of sleep. When a strain is over, he can throw off its aftermath, retire, and drop off instantly. Up to his middle sixties he yielded little revenue to the doctors. Then he developed a condition—entirely nonmalignant—which sometimes occurs in elderly men and which calls for an operation. He determined to take it in time. When he reported at Johns Hopkins Hospital, the surgeons advised him to rest up in bed for a week or so. "Rest—nonsense!" said the senator. "This is Saturday—get it over on Monday!" There was one hitch in his recovery. That over, he came out of the hospital, scorned to go through a "careful" period, and in a month was working as hard as ever. This trouble cannot recur.

High blood pressure stands always a danger for elderly men. And here Senator Borah astonishes the doctors. His pressure reads on the charts: "Systolic 128, diastolic 82." His pulse rates 68 before exercise and 90 after. There is no trace of albumin. His blood count is satisfactory. His nervous reflexes are normal.

The senator's hearing remains keen. With the coming of middle-aged sight, a good many years ago, he took to mild reading glasses. So fortified, his eyes have stood up to a brutal amount of study. Last year, just by way of precaution, he had them examined again. And the oculist appended to his report this unofficial remark: "A man is as old as his blood vessels. No man with blood vessels as good as Senator Borah's should be considered an old man."

Last, but not least in the esteem of his own section, comes Senator Lester J. Dickinson of Iowa. There he stands, with a snow-white thatch whereof not a single hair is missing, the profile of a Roman senator, and the figure—allowing for his sixty-two years—of a Roman gladiator. If the Presidency were settled with four-ounce gloves, all the betting would favor Dickinson. Five feet eleven inches tall, he weighs in at about 195 pounds. Very little of this is fat. At his last physical examination, three or four years ago, his systolic blood pressure scored 114 and his diastolic 68. That is low, rather than high, for his age. The senator has no reason to worry about his arteries. When at work, he is a dynamo. This same examination gave his pulse rate at 72. His heart was normal; so were his nervous reactions.

LIKE Borah, he has by nature the gift of sound sleep; and he has cultivated the art of relaxing. Also, he has taken care of himself. He eats moderately; he does not smoke or drink. He played both baseball and football in his youth. Now he takes his exercise by long walks. Until three or four years ago, he slipped through life almost unaware that he had a body, so smoothly did all functions co-operate. Then he developed a tendency to infection, a trifle more serious than common colds, in his nose and throat. The doctors treated him with an autogenous serum. That worked like a charm. The infection troubles him no more.

As for Bernarr Macfadden, announced as a candidate for the Republican nomination, his physical fitness for the job scarcely needs expounding here. He has made the perfection and prolongation of the human machine his lifelong hobby and has exemplified his methods in his own perfect anatomy. In one of his institutions stands a full-figure cast of Macfadden taken at the age of sixty-one. It shows not only an astonishing body for development, symmetry, condition, and athletic quality; but no one looking at it would call its possessor more than forty years old. And, indeed, physicians who gave him a thorough examination at the time said that the outside did not misrepresent the inside. They found no trace of flaws; heart, blood pressure, and all the gauges that determine real age knocked twenty years from his calendar age. Nor has he deteriorated during the six years which have passed since this cast was made.

It seems, then, that all the candidates pass the physical test. Probably this is no accident. The minor politicians and the county leaders whose collective opinion makes Presidential candidates have at least perceived with their instincts that the White House is no place for a man in precarious health.

Senator Dickinson takes exercise by long walks.

Yet, even so, that is only begging the question. Some day a President will break down in a time of stress—and we shall learn by hard example that our Constitution gives us no means for creating a regency, as do monarchies, to tide over his period of disability. We must either let the government move toward chaos or resort to impeachment—which, in the present setup, implies disgrace.

After the office has broken or killed two or three more Presidents, we may look facts in the face and realize that its responsibilities, plus its frills of unnecessary detail, are too much for any one man, however admirable his condition.

THE END

REFRIGERATOR *Value* HAS NOW BEEN MADE *Visible*

There need no longer be any question about the real value of the refrigerator you buy. For the first time, the three most important questions that a customer should ask have been answered specifically and definitely in the 1936 Kelvinator.

First, will it keep food safely cold? Second, how much will it cost to operate? Third, does the manufacturer accept the responsibility for its satisfactory performance?

In the 1936 Kelvinator the answers to these questions have been made tangible and visible. And because of this fact, Kelvinator has already been chosen by thousands to replace refrigerators formerly in use, and by other thousands who had not bought.

Kelvinator's Built-In Thermometer, for the *first* time, makes safe temperatures *visible*. It tells you how cold the food compartment is.

Kelvinator's Certificate of Low Cost of Operation answers your question regarding the amount of electric current it will consume. And that amount is one-half and even one-third as much as many refrigerators now in use.

Kelvinator's 5-Year Protection Plan assures long years of service and it is written and signed by the oldest company in the electric refrigeration industry.

In addition, the Kelvinator cabinet, designed with the aid of Count Alexis de Sakhnoffsky, introduces new beauty combined with the maximum of convenience.

Flexible rubber grids in every ice tray in standard models, sliding shelves, interior light, automatic defrosting switch, food crisper, utility basket—these and many more features make Kelvinator the refrigerator of greatest usefulness.

Your Kelvinator dealer will be glad to give you all the details and tell you about the liberal Redisco Purchase Plan.

THE 1936 KELVINATOR IS THE ONLY REFRIGERATOR THAT OFFERS ALL THESE FEATURES

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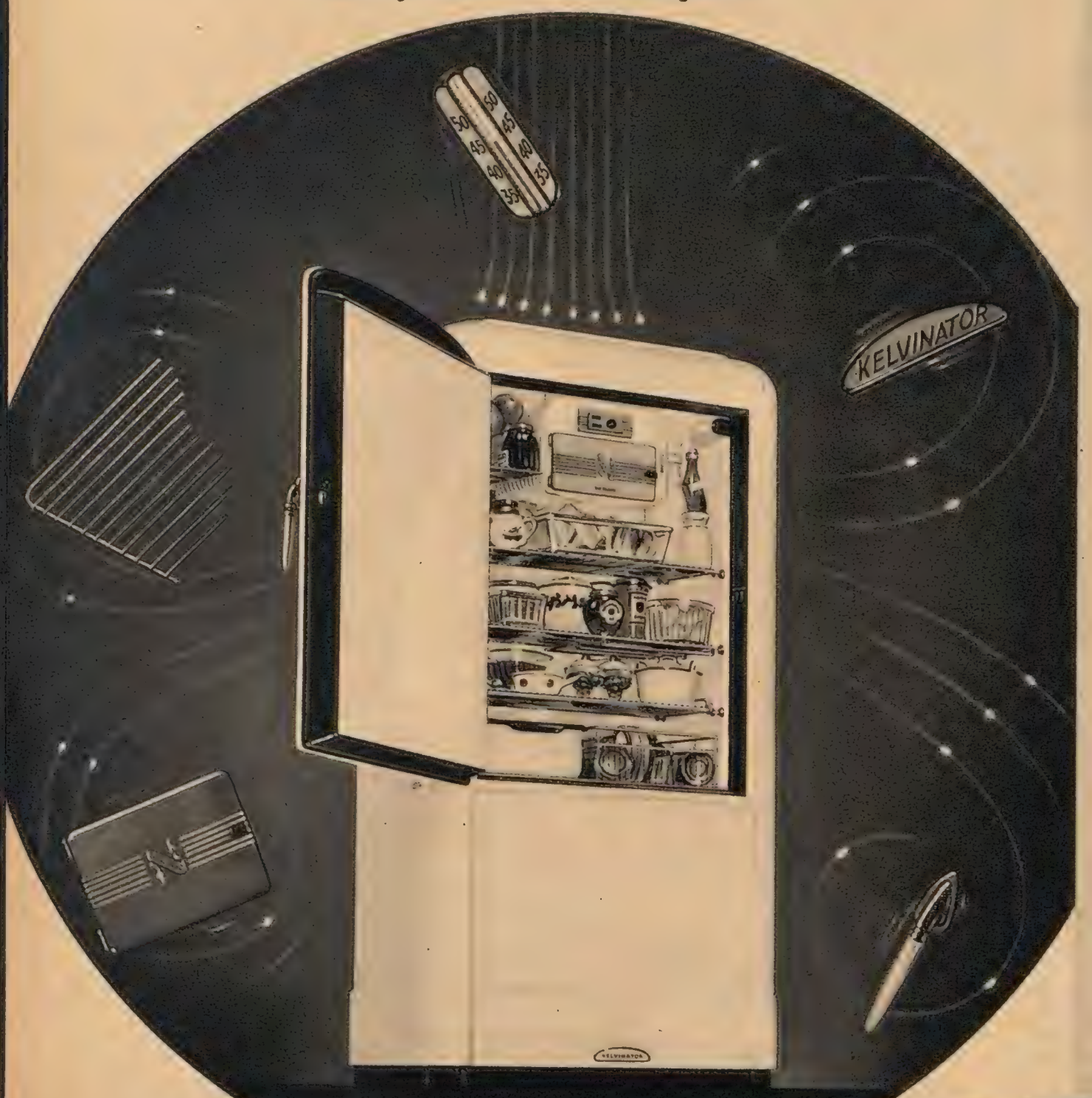
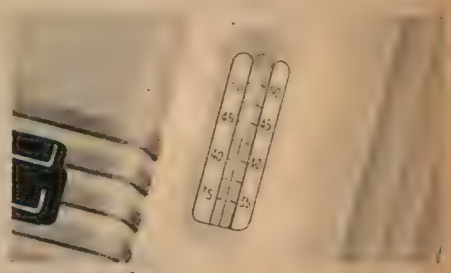
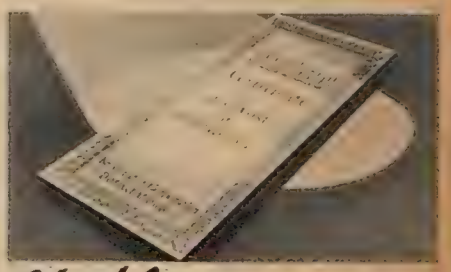
A New High Standard of Modern Refrigeration





Visible COLD

The controls of the 1936 Kelvinator keep food compartment temperatures ideal. And you can *see* what the temperature is, because a Built-In Thermometer tells you that food is being kept *safely* cold.



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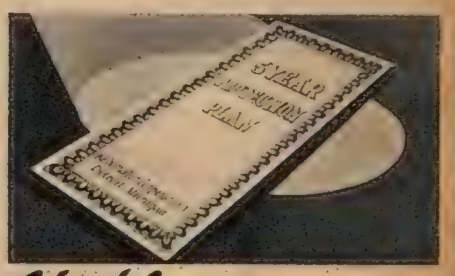
Today, for the first time, Kelvinator provides you with a Certificate of Low Cost of Operation. The 1936 Kelvinator uses *one-half* or *one-third* as much current as many refrigerators now in use.



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PARENTS ARE *Important*

A Story for Mother's Day—of a Paradise Lost and Found, and the Things Not Every Woman Knows but Any Child Could Tell Her

by FAITH ELLEN SMITH

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

Susan looked at her daughter in bewilderme

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK GODWIN

THE plane chased its shadow across a checkerboard of tiny farms.

Susan tried to sit still and couldn't. She wriggled like an excited child. A gentleman across the aisle leaned over and shouted, "Your first flight, miss?"

"No, indeed," she shouted back, and opened a magazine and pretended to read.

She knew the gentleman's type. He would want to show her pictures of his wife and children and tell her that he wrote home every night. Later he would probably want to take her to dinner. Gentlemen usually wanted to take Susan to dinner. She looked about twenty-two, and her short soft curls were the color of very pale honey, while her eyes were sometimes blue and sometimes green.

She leaned close to the window and looked down—and gathered a quick impression of gray stone walls rising through a froth of pale spring foliage. "That must be it!" she thought—and felt ridiculously like bursting into tears.

About five minutes after that the plane came down on the landing field. Automatically she got together her small overnight bag, her purse, her gloves. Automatically she pulled her hat to a more becoming angle. Both the gentleman who had sat across the aisle and the pilot tried to help her down the step to the ground. She didn't see either of them. She hopped down herself, and ran across the field and got into a taxi.

"Where'd you want to go, miss?" the taxi driver asked.

"Where? Oh, a school. A school called St. Mary's. I don't know just where it is."

He said doubtfully, "It's about forty miles west of here. It'll be eight dollars."

She took a ten-dollar bill from her purse and thrust it at him. "Never mind the change. Get started!"

Streetcars, taxis, trucks, private cars—the congested streets of a good-sized city. Sitting tensely, smoking a cigarette, she raged, "Can't you get *out* of all this?"

"Doin' my best, lady."

She had been right *over* St. Mary's a little while ago. Would they ever equip air travelers with parachutes and let them out wherever they wanted to stop? A little hysterical, she giggled, seeing the atmosphere full of descending travelers.

Finally the driver said, "Here y'are, miss. That middle door. Guess the kids that've got homes are all off for the spring vacation, but there'll be somebody around."

She felt ashamed before the taximan—as if he could know who would be around St. Mary's when the other children had gone home. Schools were desolate places in vacation time. Poor little mites! Poor little—

A thin small voice called, "Susan!" A somewhat heavier small voice echoed the word. A confusion of yellow heads and waving hands withdrew from a window. The door to the right of the middle door flew open. A boy and a girl came pelting down the stone steps and across a patch of lawn. She held out her arms, and the impact of small flying bodies almost knocked her from her feet.

What do you mean by that?" Jerry's lips quivered. "We — we don't want to be orphans," she whispered faintly.

After a little the taxi driver remarked, "I've got to be getting back."

"You have my permission."

"But your things are in the car."

She got her book and her purse and her bag. Jerry, swaggering with her importance, took the bag. Tom took the book. She took the purse. They mounted the steps to the door and went inside. It was cool and quiet.

They sat in a parlor that couldn't have existed anywhere outside that particular type of school. Susan sat in a large overstuffed chair upholstered in red plush. The children sat on top of her. A picture of the bishop of the diocese, in full canonicals, stared.

"Where are your teachers?" she asked.

"They've gone home," Jerry explained. "All but Miss Paulding. She's gone to the village."

"You don't mean you're here all by yourselves?"

"Lucy's here—and Mrs. Smithers is here. They're not very—very *important*, of course—but they're here."

She felt a little at a loss for words.

"Are you having a nice time?" she asked. "Do you like this school?"

Her questions opened floodgates of speech.

"Tom almost had the measles—but it was only a rash because he ate too many chocolates."

"Jerry was the Spirit of the Snow in a play."

"Tom was crying out back of the tennis court."

"And *you* were crying in the dormitory."

She roused from a reverie to say, "You mustn't cry. You mustn't ever cry—about *anything*. Life gets you down if you cry—if you *care* enough to cry."

Jerry said, "We both cried last night because we hadn't any place to go and nobody came to see us."

Tom said, "We cried when we were saying our prayers in the chapel. And then we both prayed you'd come—and then you did come!"

She felt moisture in her eyes—the thought of two lonely children crying in the chapel was a little disconcerting.

"How are lessons going?" she asked.

Tom said, "I got eighty-two in spelling."

Jerry said, "I can say most of My Duty Toward My Neighbor in the Catechism. Can you?"

"I doubt it," she said. "I've brought you some presents."

She opened her bag and took out a little-girl doll for Jerry, a bubble-blowing set for Tom, books, candy, oranges.

They were polite but not very enthusiastic. She realized suddenly that the doll

"Are you awake and sane and sober?" he demanded.

and the bubble set were too young for them. They had grown since she had last seen them. They had developed into persons whom she did not quite know.

A very dark Negress came in carrying a pail of sudsy water. "This is Lucy," the children said. "She makes our beds and tells us stories. She has three children and they have ten little rabbits."

"I'm glad you got company," Lucy said. She went over and began to wash windows. She and the bishop were equally disapproving. They knew that Susan should have come long before this.

Mrs. Smithers came in with an armful of clean curtains.

"This is our mother, Mrs. Smithers," Jerry said. "She's come to see us. May she stay for tea?"

"I think Miss Paulding will ask her to stay to tea," Mrs. Smithers said, metaphorically washing her hands of Susan and the children. "Miss Paulding is just coming up the drive."

Miss Paulding came in, and sent the children down to the dining room for bread and milk and invited Susan into her own sitting room for tea. The sitting room was pleasant. So was Miss Paulding. Too pleasant. Susan felt the thoughts moving about in Miss Paulding's head, veiled by her mechanical smile.

The children, she said, were very good, very bright, very *sensitive*. It was really amazing how much they understood about people and situations, in spite of their extreme youth.

Susan felt herself placed, politely but firmly, on the defensive. She said:

"I suppose it's a little unfortunate for the children that my husband and I were so young when they were born. When a girl marries at seventeen and has two babies by the time she's twenty, she hasn't had much opportunity for a good time or—well, any self-expression."

Miss Paulding answered, with sudden humanity and humility, "I have been expressing myself for the last fifty years. Self-expression, I have discovered, leaves much to be desired."

Susan felt both vexed with Miss Paulding and sorry for her. Behind her, of course, was more than half a century of old-fashioned orthodoxy. She couldn't understand Susan's generation.

Susan, still on the defensive, tried to explain:

"Almost all our friends have split up. We haven't—largely because of the children. We probably shall eventually. We're trying to work things out and know our own minds. We're going our separate ways while we do it."

Miss Paulding said, "I may be old-fashioned. I admit I *may* be. But I still believe a mother's great job is *being* a mother."

And then, while Susan was inwardly raging and thinking of transferring Tom and Jerry to some other school, she added words that cooled her wrath and deprived her of weapons.

"I'd give every happiness I have ever known for children of my own. I'm afraid I haven't much patience with parents who are too busy to pay any attention to them," Miss Paulding said, and extended a frail, heavily veined old hand in a gesture of truce.

AFTER that Susan thought better of her impulse to transfer the children. After all, St. Mary's was an excellent school. She asked if she might take the children into town for dinner. Miss Paulding said she might. She went out to find them.

Jerry, surprisingly practical, said that it would be silly to go by taxi. A bus made regular trips to the airport.

In the bus, Susan was conscious of being a very well dressed young woman accompanied by two handsome, well behaved children who drew glances of admiration from all their fellow passengers. She glowed with an unaccustomed pride.

The town of Croydon wasn't very exciting, but they saw the library and the museum, and would have gone to a movie if Susan had been able to find one that she thought was suitable for them to see. Failing that, they went to the public park.

The children got over their first raptures at the sight of Susan. They talked together about things with which she had no concern: Lucy's children and the rabbits; their schoolmates; their teachers; other times that they had been in town with groups of their new friends. Queer little pangs went through Susan's heart. She said, drawing attention again to herself, "Who wants a soda?"

"I do," Tom answered eagerly.

"Had you better?" Jerry asked.

"I'm going to!" said Tom. So they had sodas.

"And now," Susan said brightly, "we'll hunt up a place to have dinner."

They found the town's one large hotel and went into the dining room.

"We *generally* have cold meat and salad and apple sauce," Jerry said.

"You can have anything you want tonight," Susan declared. "This is what we call a gala occasion."

So they all had roast duck. And just as they were finishing it, Susan looked up and saw a tall dark young man coming through the doorway. At the same instant the young man saw her. He turned away from the table to which he was being led and came up and said politely, "How do you do? May I join the party?"

THE children remembered that they were in a public place. They didn't rise and throw themselves upon him as they had thrown themselves upon Susan. But Jerry went quite red and Tom quite white with repressed excitement.

"I was coming to see you," he told them. "But when I got to St. Mary's I heard that Susan had beaten me to it. I came back to Croydon, and thinking you might be having dinner here about now, I—"

"Crashed in," Susan said coolly. She pushed aside the remnants of her dinner.

"Well, after all, a father has some rights." The young man looked at Susan, whose eyes had become quite green.

"You've had since last fall to come to see them," she told him. "So of course you had to pick the one day when I—"

"The one day when you found time to come and see them yourself? Look here, my girl. If you think I came with any idea of running into you, you're crazy. You can't just dump two kids in school and forget all about 'em. Somebody in this family has to have a sense of responsibility."

"Oh—yes?" said Susan in her most maddening manner.

Young John Everet and slightly younger Susan Everet remembered that they were in a public place. They were, outwardly, beautifully and icily polite. But across the table they began to wage one of their bitterest battles.

It raged until John Everet looked at his wrist watch and politely remarked, "Excuse me. I must get the eight-thirty plane."

"Don't let me keep you from more important interests," Susan responded, equally polite.

"You won't," he assured her.

He got up, as an afterthought kissed Tom and Jerry good-by, and departed.

"Will you have some dessert?" Susan asked.

"No, thank you," Jerry answered.

Tom said nothing. Looking at him, Susan saw that his face was very white. "Will you, Tommy?"

Wordlessly Tom shook his head. Jerry answered for him: "I don't think he'd better have any, Susan. I expect he's going to be sick to his stomach."

Susan gave a little gasp of dismay. She remembered the considerable ride to St. Mary's. "We'd better not try to take him back to school, then," she decided.

Susan parked her charges in an obscure writing room and went and telephoned Miss Paulding. She was quite willing that the children should stay with Susan in town, and the hotel manager said he had a room with three beds.

Susan came back for the children. Jerry, standing beside Tom, greeted her with a smile of reassurance. "He hasn't been sick—yet," she announced.

Once in the room, color came into Tom's face, brightness into his eyes. Susan drew a deep breath of relief. "Shall I help you into bed, Tommy?" she asked.

"We're used to going to bed by ourselves," her son told her with dignity.

"In that case," Susan said, "I'll go down and get us some toothbrushes. I'm afraid you'll have to sleep in your underthings, lambs."

She went downstairs, bought three toothbrushes, and then wandered around the main streets of Croydon, accompanied by an invisible presence. To it she said inwardly, "A father has some rights, eh?" and "A sense of responsibility—my eye!" and other pertinent things that she had neglected to say when the battle waged across the tablecloth.

She came back comparatively early and went up to the room. As she opened the door, her son rose in one of the three beds and said wildly, "Please, Lucy, can't I have just one rabbit? Just one *teeny* little rabbit? I'll build it a pen and I'll feed it every day—" Then the excited little voice fell to an indistinguishable murmur and Tom dropped back in the bed.

Susan put her hand on his forehead. The skin was hot and dry. She cried, almost as wildly as Tom, "What's the matter, darling? Tell Susan! Are you sick?"

Jerry tumbled out of her bed and said matter-of-factly, "I guess he's got a chill like he had the day we got lost in the woods. I guess he got excited and got a chill and went out of his head. Don't be scared, Susan. He'll be all right."

SUSAN regarded her son anxiously. His face was now very red. His eyes, meeting hers with no light of recognition, were glassy.

"Was he like this that day in the woods?" she asked.

Jerry nodded.

"What did you do for him?"

"Miss Paulding put him to bed and gave him some hot milk. Then she sat and held his hand and talked to him. And by and by he went to sleep. He is a very sensitive child," Jerry explained with a sigh, "and he is very nervous. When anything upsets him he either gets a chill or he gets sick to his stomach. It's worse when he gets sick to his stomach. But chills are pretty bad, too. I'm sorry he got upset."

"That dinner!" Susan lamented. "Why didn't you tell me he shouldn't eat so much, Jerry?"

Jerry said, "I don't think it was what he ate, Susan. If it had been I think he'd have been sick downstairs. I think it was just that he got upset." She sat on the edge of the bed and took Tom's tossing head on her arm. She murmured consolingly, "I'm here, Tom. It's all right. I'll always be here. You'd better go to bed, hadn't you, Susan?" she suggested kindly. "You can't do much of anything for him when he gets like this, except keep him quiet. The doctor said so."

Susan hesitated, and then also sat down on the bed. She put her hand on Tom's head. He fretfully brushed it aside. "I don't like you, Miss

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
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GRAN DAD DROVE THE STAGE ON THAT ROUTE. HE'D HAVE A PIPE ALL LOADED AND READY
OVERLAND 57
THE RIDER WOULD SNATCH IT AS HE RODE BY, AND LIGHT UP
THIS MAKES THE THIRTEENTH TIME, AND HE DIDN'T MISS!
THEY WERE HE MEN, WEREN'T THEY? AND I'LL BET THEIR TOBACCO WAS AS STRONG AS THEY WERE!
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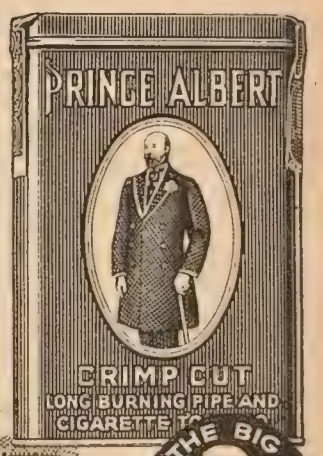

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Paulding," he said crossly. "I don't care if it isn't polite. I don't like you!"

"I'm going to call a doctor," Susan declared.

"Miss Paulding had a doctor a couple of times," Jerry told her. "He didn't do anything. Whenever Tom gets upset—"

"But what should he get upset about?" Susan looked at her daughter in bewilderment.

Jerry hung her head and remained silent.

Tom suddenly wailed, "I don't wanna be an orphan!"

"I asked you why he should be upset, as you call it," Susan said sharply. "And what does he mean by being an orphan?"

"That!" Jerry gasped—and grew so pale that the tiny chain of freckles across her snub nose came sharply to the fore.

"What do you mean by *that?*"

Jerry's lips quivered. Her pale little face seemed to go still whiter. Her gray eyes grew dark and big. "We—we don't want to be orphans," she whispered faintly.

"You don't want to be—what?"

"Orphans," Jerry repeated still more faintly. "And live in an asylum and—"

"Are both my children out of their heads?" Susan inquired. "How could you be orphans? I'm here. John *was* here."

Tears squeezed out of Jerry's eyes and ran down her cheeks. She gave a small stifled sob.

"But if you and John don't stay married, we'll be orphans, won't we?"

"Who ever told you such a thing as that?" Susan asked.

Jerry said, "Nobody told us. We didn't talk about it where anybody could hear us. We just—knew."

"I never heard of such a crazy idea in all my life!" Susan said. "What made you think John and I wouldn't stay married?"

"Oh, we—knew," Jerry said. "John would write to us and not say anything about you, and when we asked how John was you'd always forget to tell us. Quite often Tom used to go a little out of his head when we got a letter. Miss Paulding says he is a very sensitive child."

Susan stared at her daughter. The combination of phenomenal maturity and abysmal ignorance that is a ten-year-old child stared solemnly in return. "Even if we *have* got to be orphans, I won't have to go away from Tom, will I? I told him I wouldn't. I *won't!*"

Tears came up in Susan's throat and choked her. Her own world was smart and sophisticated and hard—a world in which tears were a sign of weakness, in which motherhood was something of a joke. But the children lived in the distorted, terrifying world of childhood—where she and John, this very evening, had staged the greatest battle of all their turbulent career. She looked at the two innocent casualties of that battle and felt as guilty as if she had committed murder.

"Do you mean that my letters and John's letters made Tom sick?" Susan remembered brief dutiful notes written with no idea that eyes so young could read more than the obvious between the lines.

JERRY said, "Sometimes," and shivered in her small union suit. "We'd both better go to bed, hadn't we, Susan? I'm awfully cold. I think I'll get in beside Tom, so I can keep hold of his hand. Then maybe he'll go to sleep."

Susan moved two of the three beds close together. She undressed and got into them, and took the two children in her arms. Tom at first tried to wriggle out of her grasp; then he capitulated and relaxed and his hot little body snuggled confidingly against her. She whispered a definition of the word orphan to Jerry—and Jerry's own tenseness abated. After a little, still holding Tom's hand across Susan's chest, Jerry slept. After a while, still occasionally muttering, Tom also slept.

Susan did not sleep. She lay and watched the reflection of street lights fade gradually to dimness against the bare wall of the room and the first grayness of morning take its place. She also watched the theories upon which her life had been conducted break into splinters in this collision with reality.

It was strange to be lying there, like some old-fashioned mother whose only interest in life was her children, with her arms aching from their strained position under the children's heads and the ridge where the two beds came together cutting into her back. She felt elderly and maternal—not at all like the young woman who had descended at the Croydon airport less than twenty-four hours ago.

The young person at the Croydon airport had been the mother of those two amusing children whom the young Everets had playfully named Tom and Jerry—but motherhood had sat lightly upon her shoulders, although the young Everets had been proud to the point of boastfulness of Tom and Jerry. They had been roly-poly adorable photographable babies. They had become serious-eyed young people who occasionally said and did quaint and funny things.

BUT nobody had known that Jerry had qualities of character that would turn her into a tower of strength in an emergency. Nobody had known that Tom was so sensitive an organism that excitement and anxiety would plunge him into nervous chills and delirium. Nobody had known that Susan, in such a situation as this, would do as undoubtedly she was doing—lie in the dark in a most uncomfortable position and weep as she had not wept in years. Apparently nobody had known very much about the Everet family—least of all, Susan herself.

Susan spent the entire night getting acquainted with Susan. When the first morning sunlight washed across the wall, she wriggled her right arm from under Tom's head—thank heaven, it was no longer hot with fever—and lifted the telephone from the stand beside the bed. She asked for a number in the city, and got it so promptly that for an instant she was almost unable to speak. Then—"Just getting in, I suppose," she remarked.

"I've been in since ten thirty," John Everet said. "But I'm just getting to bed. You'll be glad to know that you've given me a grand night. I've been walking the floor, smoking, and wondering why I haven't murdered you long ago. Any court that knew you would call it justifiable homicide. I suppose you've thought of a few more things you didn't say?"

Susan bit her lips. Perhaps her resolutions of the night had been rash. Perhaps—

"Susan!" There was sharp anxiety in his voice. "You're not ill or in any kind of trouble, are you?"

She said, "Tom was sick last night."

A relieved chuckle came over the wire. "I should think he might have been, considering the dinner you seemed to have been feeding him. Don't tell me you're developing into an old-fashioned mother that's scared whenever her offspring has tummy-ache!"

Susan gathered her courage for the plunge. "I may be a modern mother," she said, "but somehow or other I've got old-fashioned children."

"*Old-fashioned* children!"

"Deadly old-fashioned. As conventional as—as that awful parlor at St. Mary's. The poor dears are convinced that parents are—important to their scheme of things."

"Are you awake and sane and comparatively sober?" he demanded. "Or is there something the matter with me? I swear I haven't the remotest idea what you're talking about."

Susan said in a small choked voice, "I haven't much, myself. I haven't slept all night. Everything's all—turned around. I'm—sort of—scared—"

"*Susan!*" he said. "You're *crying*. Listen, honey. I'm coming as soon as I can get into clothes and start. Where are you?"

Susan hesitated a second. If he came and found her in this mood, she knew what would happen. The carefree Susan Everet who had stepped from the plane yesterday morning would be dead forever. The maternal Susan Everet who had stayed with the children last night would be firmly ensconced in her place.

"Where are you?" he asked again.

"In Croydon—at the hotel," said Susan meekly.

THE END

Portrait of a Fighter

The Story of Al Capone's First Nemesis—
A Two-Fisted Terror to Racketeers

by JAMES L. DOHERTY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

AMONG the numerous candidates running for various offices this year is the unique figure of Judge John H. Lyle of Chicago.

He's fifty-three years old, but he boxes almost every day. He thinks nothing of running three or four miles. When he's tired he takes a workout. He shaves with two safety razors, one in each hand. The operation takes about thirty seconds. Four hours' sleep is enough for him, he says. He has never smoked nor chewed tobacco. He has never taken a drink of liquor.

He is five feet ten and a half and weighs 167 pounds stripped. He was an alderman seven years, and he has been farm boy, city lamplighter, secretary to the famous football coach, A. A. Stagg, secretary of the Englewood Law and Order League, attorney for the League, and a member of the Illinois Legislature. At present he is a judge of the municipal court and a candidate for re-election.

He has been a semiprofessional baseball pitcher, a typewriting speed champion, a wrestler, a basketball player, a pugilist. He has knocked out with his fists a number of aldermen, legislators, policemen, teamsters, streetcar motormen, political opponents, neighborhood toughs and bullies, lawyers, laymen, gangsters, and thieves. In his youth he won a watch at a physical-culture contest sponsored by Bernarr Macfadden and held in a Chicago Y. M. C. A. club.

He's never fined a man for being drunk. He thinks it punishment enough to drink the stuff. He's never fined any one for betting on the races. He bets on them himself now and then. But let a robber or a gangster charged with carrying a pistol be arraigned before him, and Lyle will fix his bail at not less than $100,000. His nickname is " High-Bonds Lyle." Chief Justice Harry Olson advised him, early in 1925, that he was setting " unreasonable bail " and people were complaining.

" I fixed John Scudder's bond at $125,000," Lyle replied in part, " and later, when the victim died, held him without any bond. Of course his victim could not complain to you that the bond was too high. I am wondering if you have any complaints from good citizens, victims who have had their skulls dented in with the butt ends of revolvers, from men and women tortured . . ."

He pointed out that in two months on the bench he had held fifty-three men for the grand jury in $100,000 bail each; and in one case, where a man was charged with twenty-seven robberies, he had set bail at $2,700,000. He suggested Judge Olson advise other judges to adopt the Lyle policy.

The Bar Association scolded Lyle. He blasted them with sarcasm. He was transferred to a civil branch of the court; but there was such a roar of protest that Olson was forced to return him to a police court.

Even when he was sitting in a civil court Lyle issued warrants for the arrest of Chicago gangsters—and helped to serve the warrants. It was Lyle who first put Al Capone, then Public Enemy No. 1, in jeopardy. He issued a warrant charging Capone with vagrancy. Capone fled Chicago. In order to prove himself not a vagrant, he would have had to show he possessed an income.

Judge John H. Lyle.

A labor-union leader offered Judge Lyle $10,000 to withdraw a vagrancy warrant against Capone. The judge blackened his eye and loosened all his teeth. The next day the judge was once more transferred to a civil branch. Capone returned, surrendered on the warrant, and obtained a delay of trial. It wasn't long after this that the federal government caught up with him and sent him to prison for evading the income tax.

Lyle used to ride around with Pat Roche, chief investigator for the State's Attorney, in the days when Chicago was overrun with gangsters. Once they invaded Terry Druggan's apartment, arrested Druggan, and confiscated a number of machine guns, pistols, and shotguns.

In 1930 the Bar Association said Lyle didn't have the " judicial temperament." The Chicago Crime Commission and other civic organizations commended him highly. He survived a Democratic landslide, being one of three Republican judges re-elected. Chief Justice Olson, who had held office for twenty-four years, was not one of these three.

In 1931 Lyle sought his party's nomination for mayor. He lost it by a narrow margin. In 1932 he tried to get the nomination for State's Attorney but failed.

For the past three years he has been reorganizing his party, which was in a state of collapse. Starting with a dozen friends, he established the Republican Round Table luncheons, a weekly affair that grew into meetings of 800 to 1,000. He spoke over the radio five nights a week. He established a Loop headquarters.

The Republicans told him he could have any nomination he wanted. He asked to be renominated for the municipal bench—and, in the primary in April, he was.

Lyle was born in Gessie, Indiana, October 2, 1882. At sixteen he came to Chicago with only seventy-five cents. He got a job driving a wagon. He went to night school. Subsequently he became a lamplighter, going to school in his spare time.

To get money for books he fought in the ring. He also entered bicycle races, played basketball and baseball. When he entered the contest for the Bernarr Macfadden prize, he chinned himself more than 200 times—and was carried off the stage. Today he can chin himself a few dozen times without fatigue.

He graduated from law school in 1905. In 1911 he married Mildred Townsend. She died, as the result of a fall, shortly after their daughter Jane was born. He has not married since.

During the greater part of the last six years he has done little fighting. What he fought for had been accomplished. He almost went stale! The coming election is a boon to him. It promises plenty of action.

THE END

What Jafsie Told His

The Surprising Story of How He Revealed His Role in the Lindbergh Case Weeks Before the Rest of the World Knew the Secret

by KATHARINE ARTHUR DUNNING

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

The author.

FOUR years ago, on a cold drizzly March afternoon, some forty-odd girls wandered gloomily into Room 9 of the old gym building of the College of New Rochelle. It was the old gym building to us, but on state occasions it was given its real name of Chidwick Hall, bestowed in honor of the president of the college who a generation before had chaplained the ill-fated Maine.

We were gloomy because it was a blue Monday in every sense of the word—and visions of a four-to-six class did little to raise our spirits. We thought enviously of the rest of the gang over in the dorms. An empty seat here and there gave unspoken testimony to the inertia that sometimes overtook us on late Monday afternoons. But one received two cuts for missing a two-hour class—and Dr. Condon, unlike some of the other professors, never forgot to take registration.

The course was Primary Methods, and although not all of us taking it were particularly interested in the ways and means of teaching grammar-school youngsters "readin', writin', and 'rithmetic," one took that course because it had grown to be one of the "musts" that should not be missed. When one met old grads, they would invariably ask, "How is Dr. Condon? Has he told you this one?"—and then they would begin.

Each class had their own pet stories of his lovable eccentricities; for Dr. Condon was a tradition around campus. Every June for a decade or more he had marched, a splendid and unforgettable figure in his flowing academic gown, his hood bordered with its white and blue and gold stripes, at the head of the commencement procession as college marshal. We had become used to meeting him on the street as he walked briskly up to college, smiling with affability on all he met. He seemed to have an almost paternal interest in everything connected with the college, having been with it so many years.

He never forgot a face. Just recently a girl who had graduated in the class of '30 saw him dining in a Boston restaurant. She went up to him, saying, "I don't suppose you remember me, Doctor," but he interrupted her with, "Now, let's see. You went to New Rochelle, didn't you, and you graduated in either '29 or '30?"

All the world knows now what he looks like, but no picture—not even an early one—can do justice to the glowing impression of health, enthusiasm, and clean living that emanated from him as he stood before us. He seemed to exemplify the eternal grandfather. I can remember that at first we thought he was a little egotistical and conceited; but then, he had reason for that, as he had a most remarkable memory and seemed to know everything.

His classes were apt to be fun. One day he came in with his violin and, tucking it under his chin, played and sang a doggerel to the tune of The Farmer in the Dell that went like this:

> "It's an awful death to die,
> It's an awful death to die,
> It's an awful death to be kidded to death—
> It's an awful death to die."

We were won over completely after that, although we were never too anxious to have him notice us personally in class; for when he did, you were likely to become one of his favorites whom he would call on from week to week, and you never knew exactly how to answer him.

He was a teacher of the old school. It might have been that we were accustomed to more modern methods of education, but the fact remains that few of us ever understood completely what he was talking about—that is, until that dreary afternoon of Monday, March 14, 1932.

As I remember it, he was a little late for class that day, and as he entered the room there was an electric excitement about him to which we instinctively reacted. After he had greeted us he said, "Now today we will have an object lesson," and turning to the blackboard, he wrote several words in different handwritings and asked us how they could be distinguished as coming from the same person. As there were no handwriting experts among us, he pointed out how the *t*'s were uncrossed and the *i*'s undotted, and how there was a similarity in the formation of certain letters that proved them to be written by the same hand.

This was unusual, and he must have seen the surprise on our faces, for he stopped and warned us that the forthcoming lecture would be a little different, and he asked us with childlike simplicity to promise solemnly that whatever he said that afternoon would be held by us in absolute secrecy.

It was then that he revealed to us in an awed voice a fact so few in the world knew—that he was the Jafsie in the Lindbergh kidnaping case! [This fact did not become generally known until April 11, 1932, when the New York Times made it public in a news story.]

I wish I could capture on paper the sense of still drama that permeated that old classroom. We were glued to our chairs, and one could almost hear a heartbeat. I do not believe that if a million dollars had been outside the door waiting to be picked up—or if the rest of the building had been crumbling to bits around us—we would have left that room. It was a moment made immortal. For the first time in our lives we were "in the know"—we were seeing the wheels go round in something of international importance.

Then, as if to substantiate his claim—for we were not a credulous group, and

High-School Girls

he must have sensed our doubt and disbelief—he called upon a girl in the front row and gave her three letters to read. Two of them were ransom notes and the third a letter from Lindbergh authorizing him, Dr. Condon, to act as intermediary.

He then disclosed to us the derivation of the word Jafsie, why he had chosen it, and his reasons for offering himself as a go-between. He explained how he had for fifty years taught all types of people in the New York City schools, and his belief that the reputation he had built up for himself of integrity and trustworthiness particularly fitted him for the role of intermediary. He told us of his love for his own family, and how, because his heart went out to Lindbergh, he had been prompted to do what he was doing—had been moved to garner his small savings of one thousand dollars and offer it as a reward for the return of the baby either to himself or to a Catholic priest. He emphasized here what we already knew of the inviolable seal of secrecy binding the priest in the confessional.

Jafsie. "He said he would not fail."

We heard about his spending the night at the Lindberghs' in Hopewell, and how, kneeling beside the baby's crib, he had sworn that he would return the baby to his mother's arms. How often he repeated that phrase! He said his participation in this affair was the greatest thing that had ever happened to him—the motivation of his whole existence—and that he would not fail.

He was so sincere—that old man—and so completely certain that afternoon of his success! He spoke beautifully of the Lindberghs. He called the Colonel the First American Citizen and kept referring to him as the Eagle. He described him minutely in all his youth and tragedy. Nobody needed to talk up Lindbergh to us—we all adored him—but that afternoon, through the eloquence of Dr. Condon's devotion, we knew him almost personally. When one girl asked how Mrs. Lindbergh was bearing up, he assured her proudly, "As the mother of an Eaglet would."

He told us of the baby's little dog barking, and how Lindbergh, patting him gently on the head, said, "It's too late for that now."

He showed us the large safety pins that had been attached to the baby's blanket, and explained that he intended to identify the child by means of the names the baby was wont to call his toy animals. He told us of that historic interview with the kidnaper, saying that he would never forget his voice, and asserting over and over that he would never hand over the ransom money until he had seen the baby. He again asked us to hold in sacred secrecy all we had heard that afternoon, and class ended with Dr. Condon's repeating dramatically before his tense and hushed audience the vow he had made that night beside the crib—to return the baby to his mother.

It was after six when a silent and breathless group of girls left the old gym building and hurried either to their homes or through the dusk and rain to the lighted dining hall. We were late, and that was an unpardonable offense; but nothing mattered really except the strange and tremendous knowledge we held in our hearts. To think that we might have cut class! We quietly sat down to dinner—and then suddenly the spell that held us silent was broken.

Of course by morning practically the whole campus knew about it; and yet I do not think that we were completely disloyal to a fine and trusting old man. Any one of us could have gone to the telephone and told a curious world about it, yet there is no evidence that any one did. And I really believe that as we repeated our experience—and I think we were all guilty of that—we prefaced it with the injunction, "Promise you won't tell!"

THE following Monday was warm and sunny, and one could find a dozen reasons for cutting class; but no one did. In fact, the remaining seats were filled with girls not taking the course. Those who were waiting outside the building for class to begin saw Dr. Condon drive up in a closed car, accompanied by a tall young man who we learned was Al Reich, and who came with him to class for the remainder of the semester. He sat in the front row, and the Doctor often addressed jovial remarks to him.

We saw the Doctor go into the registrar's office, and after that we heard little from him about the Lindbergh case. At first we questioned him; but afterward, as we noticed the metamorphosis that was changing a hearty and vigorous personality into a broken and discouraged old man, we questioned him no more.

When June came around, and thousands thronged the campus who hitherto had evinced no interest in the college, they found to their disappointment that his place as college marshal had been taken by a youthful dark-haired professor of history—and our class was the last at New Rochelle that could boast of having been taught by the famous Dr. Condon.

Much has been said of Dr. Condon—and greatly has he been mocked and laughed at. But none who knew him as we his pupils did could doubt for an instant his absolute sincerity and honesty of purpose.

The world is slow to analyze but quick to judge, and in days to come I think the story of Dr. Condon in his connection with the Lindbergh kidnaping will be considered one of the world's great ironies—the irony of a good and cultured man who took to his heart too literally the Golden Rule.

THE END

NEW TERRORS STRIKE . . . NEW DANGERS THREATEN AS AMERICA PREPARES FOR INVASION IN 1937!

WITHOUT

READING TIME ● 28 MINUTES 22 SECONDS

DURING the spring of 1937 rumors of war are rife in Yokohama. While in a hotel bar young Lieutenant James T. Grant, U. S. N., hears of giant submarines that Japan has built, and determines to investigate, for they are a threat to America. Over the wall of the Yokosuka dockyard he goes one night and sees these subs. But he would have been captured and probably shot if a beautiful girl, Marian Lamar, had not saved him at the critical moment.

She proves to be a friend of Prince Kakagawa, the Japanese war lord, who subsequently invites Grant to a state dinner, where he again meets Marian. There is an undercurrent of mystery in the air, which finally resolves itself into a mandate from the prince to the effect that Miss Lamar, Lieutenant Grant, and the latter's beachcomber friend, Mike Delevan, must embark for America at once.

Hardly has their steamer landed at Honolulu before a fleet of Japanese airplanes begin an attack on the islands. They seem doomed. At command of Admiral Neville, young Grant occupies an observation hole on the field of battle. Through all the hell of fire he worries and sickens over the possible fate of his people, who live in Honolulu, and over the safety of Marian. Engaged though he is to another girl, Rita Cannelle, Grant has fallen in love with the fair friend of Prince Kakagawa.

While warning her of her danger on the field under bombardment, Grant suddenly stumbles over a dead youth—his adored kid brother! Following fast on that shock, a great flying clipper arrives from the States, and he is ordered to return with it. Marian pleads to go with him, but he brushes her aside, for a wild moment suspecting she is a spy.

Aboard the clipper, he is surprised to discover Mike and a big Negro steward whose name is also Mike Delevan. Mike nicknames him Jubilee. Meanwhile the war in its first phase is overwhelmingly in favor of Japan. Arriving in San Diego, Grant is hailed as a hero, and is greeted lovingly by Rita Cannelle. He goes to Washington, and on the street meets Marian, who in a newspaper "scoop" has made him the man of the hour. Mike leaves him to secure hotel reservations.

PART SIX — A PERILOUS MISSION

MIKE hadn't engaged a room for me—he had hired the finest suite in the hotel; and I knew as soon as I had entered it that I hadn't the money to pay for it. "The lieutenant needn't worry," Mike said. "Jubilee's in the dough. He brought a lot of pictures back from Hawaii—and the newspapers couldn't pay him enough for them. I borrowed a couple of centuries from him. The lieutenant can pay me back any time."

"But—" I began.

"Hell's bells and peanut shells!" said Mike. "What's money? Just the price of a drink."

Jubilee, cleaning Mike's only pair of shoes—Mike was wearing a pair of my bedroom slippers at the time—looked up shyly at me.

"Telephone call for you a while ago, lieutenant," he said to me with a sense of grave importance. "The President desires to see yo' immediately, with all promptitude and dispatch, suh, and at your convenience, suh!"

The President's office was crowded when I entered, and full of smoke. The President, his entire cabinet, Admiral Howze, and half a dozen senators were present. The President greeted me warmly and introduced me. A few of the men muttered they were glad to meet me. The Secretary of War offered to shake hands. The others scarcely noticed me. I thought of the evening Prince Kakagawa introduced me to his friends in the hotel at Yokohama—the politeness, the charm, the respectful attention I had encountered from those Japanese nobles. I sat in a corner and tried to make myself as inconspicuous as possible.

"Now just what is our position in the Pacific, admiral?" one of the senators demanded. It was plain my entrance had interrupted his train of thought and so had annoyed him. He puffed vigorously on a rank-smelling cigar and frowned at the admiral.

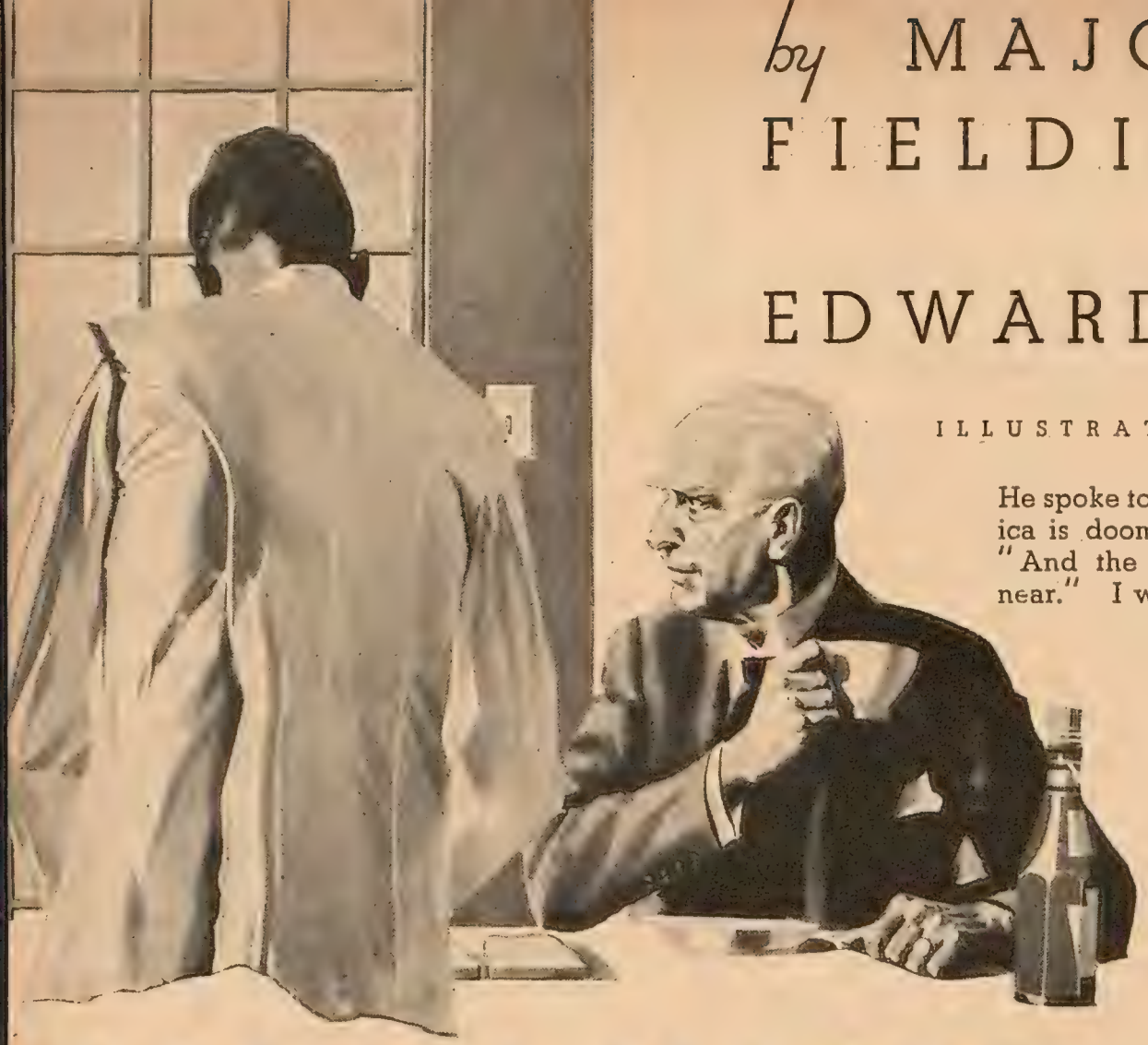
Howze arose, lean and gray and brittle as a razor blade.

"Our position, briefly, is this. We have but seven capital ships in the Pacific, none with any great speed,

WARNING

by MAJOR GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT and EDWARD DOHERTY

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES BRYSON



He spoke to me in Japanese. "America is doomed, my friend," he said. "And the hour of her peril draws near." I wanted to throttle the man.

none with 16-inch guns. For a scouting force there are only the heavy cruisers Astoria and Toledo and the light cruisers Trenton, Powhatan, and Memphis. Five ships. We have only one airplane carrier, the Saratoga. The rest of our fleet is in the Atlantic."

"Why hasn't the fleet been kept concentrated in the Pacific, admiral? That would seem to have been a wise policy," a plump well dressed senator demanded sharply.

"A wise policy indeed, senator, and the one favored by the Navy Department," the admiral retorted just as sharply. "Unfortunately, a great deal of political pressure was brought to bear by the Congressional delegations of those East Coast states possessing navy yards—your own prominently included, senator—for the return of some of the ships to the Atlantic, at least temporarily, on the plea that these navy yards were being 'starved' by being deprived of repair and maintenance work. The fact that we were keeping the yards busy with new construction didn't seem to make any difference. The boys wanted more gravy, senator, to use the term with which politicians are familiar. Now the boys will have to pay for their gravy."

The senator spluttered, flushed, subsided. Grimly the admiral's precise voice went on with its tale of doom:

"We are hopelessly outnumbered by the Japanese. They have nine capital ships. They have twelve modern heavy cruisers carrying 8-inch guns, four new and very powerful light cruisers, and fourteen smaller cruisers which are extremely fast and well armed. We have in active service in the Pacific seven large submarines and a number of smaller ones, the submarine tender Holland, and two squadrons of destroyers. We are planning immediately to put in full commission thirty-six destroyers now lying at San Diego in reserve and six others that are being repaired.

"The difficulty here is the lack of trained men, of a proper naval reserve. To commission these forty-two destroyers we need a total of 4,788 men—and Rulton is afraid he cannot find them in time. We have two thousand men, the crews of the Connecticut and Maine, who were rescued. We have six hundred men we can spare from the Virginia and the Missouri, which are now in the Mare Island yards. And we can count on eighteen hundred naval reservists from the Pacific Coast states."

Howze, who had given off these figures without once referring to any memoranda, looked soberly about the room.

"And, gentlemen," he added, "in a nation of a hundred and thirty million citizens, in one of the two greatest naval powers on earth—if you read the newspapers—we will have a heartbreaking time to make up the balance needed—three hundred and eighty-eight men.

"Admiral Rulton has established a coast patrol of coast-guard cutters, eagle boats, mine sweepers, tugs, yachts, everything he can find that will float and mount a gun of any sort, manned by scratch crews. But he cannot find out anything about the Japanese—not without eyes. Eyes, gentlemen. He must have eyes!

"He must have the scouting force in the Atlantic with its destroyers, its eleven heavy and six light cruisers and its carriers Lexington and Ranger. Eyes. Carriers, destroyers, airplanes. He proposes to move his fleet, such as it is now, southward to Panama, and there form a junction with the Atlantic fleet."

"And leave our Pacific cities open to the Japanese? Are our ships to skulk in the harbors behind their forts or sneak off to Panama while brave men die in Hawaii and people are mowed down like mad dogs on the streets of Los Angeles and San Francisco?"

The senator who shouted these remarks shook his fist at the admiral.

Stop TORTURING THAT BABY!
BUT—ALL I DID WAS KISS HIM GOODNIGHT!
WELL, LISTEN TO HIM SCREAM ...YOU KNOW HOW ROUGH YOUR FACE IS AT NIGHT.
NEXT MORNING
TOM, WHY DON'T YOU TRY COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM...THEY SAY ITS SMALL BUBBLES GIVE A COMFORTABLE "SKIN-LINE" SHAVE THAT LASTS HOURS LONGER.
BUBBLE PICTURES SHOW WHY!
BIG BUBBLES
LEAVE STUBBLE
SMALL BUBBLES
SHAVE CLEAN
MOST LATHERS are made of bubbles too big to get to the base of the beard! Air pockets keep the soap film from reaching the whiskers. So the beard is only half-wilted.
COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM makes tiny bubbles that get clear down to the skin-line. Its rich soap film soaks your beard soft at the base. Makes your shaves last longer.
NOW...AT NIGHT
LIKE ME BETTER NOW, DON'T YOU SON? COLGATE'S SURE SHAVES SMOOTH...WITHOUT IRRITATION!
I THINK I LIKE YOU A LITTLE BETTER MYSELF, TOM...SINCE YOU'VE BEEN SHAVING WITH COLGATE'S!
COLGATE "SKIN-LINE" SHAVES LAST HOURS LONGER
COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM
25¢ LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES
40¢ GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES

"Something must be done to relieve Hawaii!" another senator cried. "Send the fleet there at once. What's the odds? Seven battleships to nine. But the seven are American, aren't they? And Americans fight, by heaven! They don't run."

"The superiority of the Japanese," Howze said quietly, "is more than nine to seven. They are three or four to one in aircraft carriers, six to one in cruisers, and at least double our available strength in submarines and destroyers. It would be suicide to send the Pacific fleet out to meet them in its present state. We must withdraw to Panama at once—before the Japanese come between us and the Canal."

The debate grew more bitter every minute, Howze storming at the politicians and they at him. One of them talked of the honor of the flag.

"That honor, sir," Howze snapped, "is safe in the keeping of the United States Navy."

"Fine words," sneered one of the senators. "Let us see you make them good!"

"We shall do so—but if you interfere with us you will make the Pacific Ocean a Japanese lake despite all our efforts to prevent it."

"Dammit, sir," cried a Western senator who until now had but listened and chewed tobacco, "dammit, sir, you are insulting. You say we don't understand, that we're interfering. Maybe we don't understand, sir; but I say to you that I, and the people I have the honor to represent, understand cowardice, sir, even under a uniform. And I say we *shall* interfere with such despicable, such—"

THE President pounded on the table and brought the meeting to a close. He did his best to soothe the angry senators and to force an apology to Howze; but the senators walked out of the room fuming.

They were still fuming as the reporters crowded round them in the anteroom.

Late that afternoon I read the headlines in the newspapers:

HAWAII TO BE LEFT TO ITS FATE!

U. S. NAVY TO RUN FROM JAPS!

PACIFIC COAST LEFT DEFENSELESS!

Before nightfall thousands of protesting telegrams clamored for the relief of Hawaii. In every big city in the land there were demonstrations demanding that the navy fight.

I remained in Washington several days awaiting orders. Each day was more terrible than the one preceding. Each day I saw the fleet moving closer and closer to annihilation. Each day I searched the city for Marian Lamar, and each night despaired of ever seeing her again.

One afternoon, when I was walking down Pennsylvania Avenue, I came face to face with the Western senator who had called Howze a coward.

"Hello, Grant," he said. "Heard the news?"

He spat into the street and took my arm—perhaps so he wouldn't have to look directly into my eyes. He started walking me toward a near-by bar.

"The President's decided," he said. "The people insisted on it. The cabinet insisted on it. Everybody insisted on it. He had to do it or see this great country torn by internal dissensions, made an easy prey to the invader. It was either that or a revolution. They might even have impeached him."

"What did he decide?" I asked.

WE stood outside the bar. I didn't want to go in. I didn't want to drink with him, and he realized it.

"I'm partly to blame," he said. "I thought it was right at first. Now I'm scared. I admit it. I'm scared, Grant!"

"We're going out to find the Japanese and fight them?"

He nodded his head.

"You may win out yet," he said, "with luck. Howze goes with the fleet. He asked for it. He's resigned as chief of naval operations, which automatically vacates his acting rank and makes him a rear admiral again. He's already flying to San Diego, to go with Rulton. If you see him, Grant, apologize to him for me. Apologize humbly. He's no coward. He feels the fleet is doomed—but he's sailing with it. I—dammit all, I wish I hadn't been so hasty!"

"Do something for me," I begged. "Get me ordered to the fleet, if you can."

He shook his head.

"I've quit monkeying with the navy," he said. "Fix it yourself."

I didn't have to fix anything. Orders were waiting for me when I returned to the hotel. I was to sail with Rulton on the flagship Ohio, as his aide. We left by plane immediately for San Diego.

The newspapers I bought on the way were full of news.

The cruiser Powhatan, Captain Cagg, going out with the other cruisers and a number of destroyers to find the Japanese, had been battered and sunk. Two days out of San Diego, in weather so dirty the destroyers had to put back, she sighted smoke on the horizon, gave chase, and had hardly identified the distant ship as a Japanese cruiser when 8-inch shells began to fall very close. Cagg, trying to answer with his 6-inch guns, bore to the south, hoping to penetrate the Japanese screen and see what lay behind it. A shell struck him just opposite the forward funnel, bursting after penetration, and creating frightful havoc.

Cagg sent up his seaplanes; but hardly had they made out two small Japanese cruisers behind the bigger one than they were assailed by Japanese planes and forced to run for it. The Japanese planes tried to bomb the Powhatan, but were driven off by antiaircraft guns. However, the planes radioed her crippled condition and the enemy cruisers came on in pursuit.

Cagg radioed for help. Before help could come the Japanese had closed in. The Powhatan tried to fight but was hopelessly outclassed. She went down, fighting gallantly until the last, her flag still flying. She managed to damage a Japanese cruiser seriously with a long-range torpedo sometime before the end.

The Perry and Trever, destroyers, came up with the cruiser Astoria during the night. The Powhatan had gone down long before they arrived. The Perry got two torpedoes home on the wounded Japanese cruiser before she was driven away. The American ships picked up a few survivors and fled home in the darkness.

There was news from Manila. Admiral McDugel, blockaded in the harbor by a strong Japanese squadron headed by the rearmed battle cruiser Hiyei—a unit supposedly completely demilitarized according to treaty—and two of the new light cruisers, the Mogami and Mikuma, which were armed with fifteen 6.1-inch guns and could make thirty-three knots, had managed to slip out on the night of June 1 and get away.

The submarines went first, slipping past Corregidor. They torpedoed the destroyer Yanagi. The Japanese became excited. The admiral withdrew, ordering his units to steer erratic courses. The Hiyei and the light cruisers were taken far offshore.

MEANTIME the American destroyers stole out to sea, while our submarines went back to Manila Bay, there being too much chance for a mistake in the darkness. Several shots were exchanged by the destroyers, and flares dropped from Japanese planes to let the Mikado's admiral see a few of our ships.

That was all right with McDugel. He wanted the Japanese to think the destroyers had come out to support a submarine attack. They did think so. Therefore they took their larger ships farther out to sea, to insure their safety and to wait until morning, when they could get a clear picture of the American activity and decide on a plan to combat it.

Quietly the destroyers held their course, bearing away to the south as soon as each was clear of the channel. And in their wake went the heavy cruisers Augusta and New Orleans. When morning broke the Japanese learned, with what dismay, that there was nothing in the harbor but submarines and land-based aircraft co-operating with them for local defense.

McDugel had got away, to raid Japanese commerce and starve the empire if he could. Before many days the smoke of burning Japanese oil tankers in the Celebes Sea and the Straits of Macassar was to show which way he had gone.

I showed this story to Mike—but he had never met McDugel and couldn't possibly have been as thrilled as I was. Reading that story of his escape—and guessing the havoc he was to wreak on Japanese shipping—was, to

DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN TO YOU

IS your comb full of hair every time you use it?

Are your shoulders covered with dandruff?

Does your hair refuse to behave unless it is "plastered down"?

Then you should try Kreml.

This wonderful new tonic checks falling hair and removes dandruff; keeps the scalp clean and healthy.

And it makes the most stubborn hair behave without giving it that "patent-leather" gigolo look.

The whole country is turning to Kreml.

Ask for it at your barber's. Use it regularly at home.

Try Kreml Shampoo, Too!

The cleansing, purifying lather of this olive oil shampoo keeps hair soft, lustrous, and pliantly young.

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KREML

REMOVES DANDRUFF AND CHECKS FALLING HAIR

NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

EYE-STRAIN *picks its* VICTIMS YOUNG

● This young girl approaches life as a great adventure. Books, movies, toys, school . . . a busy life for her eyes in the years ahead! The strain of studying in poor lighting can affect not only the eyes but the entire nervous system. Many a nervous "problem" child would be healthier and happier if parents knew these facts about light in relation to seeing.

1. *Every* pair of eyes should be examined regularly by a competent eyesight specialist. 2. Home lighting should be measured by an expert. Many local lighting companies provide this service free. 3. An I. E. S. Better Sight lamp provides the kind of lighting young eyes need for healthy development. 4. Good lamps *stay brighter longer* and give more light than poorly-made bulbs. The General Electric monogram (GE) on a bulb is your assurance of good light at low cost.

GENERAL (GE) ELECTRIC

MAZDA *lamps made by General Electric now cost as little as 15¢—only 20¢ for the popular 100-watt size.*

me, almost as great as the thrill of going with him.

"Thank God," he said, "McDugel didn't have to ask his congressman what to do. He just up and done it."

The declaration of war, which told of the need of seventy million Japanese for "expansion," was printed in all the papers, together with the attitudes of other powers. In Berlin, since its downright ruthlessness accorded well with German ideas, the Japanese explanation of their reason for declaring war was well thought of. The Russians thanked their Red gods for the "nonaggression pact" which Japan had concluded with them the previous January. The Italian government issued a bombastic proclamation of neutrality couched in terms Augustan. The cautious Dutch sent urgent cables to their East Indian officials to be absolutely and utterly neutral. The semiofficial French press expressed anxiety for the fate of Indo-China in case of Japanese success.

In London the High Commissioners of Canada, Australia, and New Zealand conferred with the Colonial Secretary, and later adjourned to the home of the Prime Minister. The Dominions wanted to recognize at once the existence of a common danger and take concerted steps to meet it. In Canada the press shrieked for a call to arms. Many Canadians were crossing the border to enlist in the American army, which was only too glad to accept their services. The British government, however, was reluctant to move, fearing European complications; but it was plainly willing to stretch benevolent neutrality to its utmost limits.

In Burbank, California, we had a fifteen-minute wait. We strolled into the waiting room for coffee. I bought a morning paper. During the night every tunnel and pass in the Sierra Nevadas and the Cascades, every railroad right of way, every auto road had been bombed and destroyed. California, Oregon, and Washington were cut off physically from the rest of the country. Except by airplane, travel was impossible.

"It's true, you know, lieutenant," a quiet voice at my elbow made announcement.

I LOOKED at the man. He was a rather seedy civilian, a gray-haired little man—at least he looked little sitting down—with a tanned and wrinkled face. His mild blue eyes, plentifully adorned with crow's-feet and liberally tufted with spiky white brows, studied me gravely—even rudely. There was scorn and insolence in those eyes, I thought.

I didn't answer him. I turned again to the paper, but I could not continue reading. I had to look back into that arresting face again. There was something familiar in those eyes, in the grim mouth with the bristling white mustache above it, in the sharp nose, in the deep creases that had cut themselves straight down from the lower eyelids to the corners of the mouth.

Some faint trace of humor lighted his eyes and he spoke to me in Japanese.

"America is doomed, my friend," he said. "And the hour of her peril draws near."

A diabolic anger all but overwhelmed me at the words. I wanted to turn and throttle the man, old as he was. But I did nothing. Some heaven-born sense of caution preserved me in that moment from betraying what I felt.

I turned to Mike, who was on my right, and tried to look perplexed.

"He says we're going to get it in the neck," Mike translated. "That's Japanese. Maybe the guy's a spy, lieutenant. Shall I—"

The little man laughed. He tapped my right shoulder lightly.

"You'll do, Grant," he said. "Dismiss your bodyguard and come with me."

HE got up from the stool, and he was tall. It was his legs that made the difference. If you followed them up from the floor you followed them a long way before you saw any sign of torso.

"Stay here," I said to Mike.

"At ease," Mike told Jubilee.

"These men will go on to San Diego," the stranger said. "You, lieutenant, come with me."

"Hardly," I said.

He thrust a paper into my hand, an order from Admiral Rulton, and watched me as I read it. I was to obey the instructions of "bearer" implicitly. The order was unquestionably genuine.

"All right," I said. I told Mike and Jubilee they could do as they wished, and walked out of the waiting room. A little car was waiting there, an ancient car as wrinkled as its master.

We started toward Los Angeles, chugging slowly up the hills. It was a hot bright morning, and the smell of pepper trees and eucalyptus was pungent. We went some miles in silence. I was wondering about this strange old man—who he was, and why I must put myself at his command.

"You have been in the navy?" I asked.

He grinned. He nodded his head.

"Yes," he said.

We went slowly, noisily around a long curve, and started on a long straight downgrade. Halfway to the bottom, he pulled to the side of the road and parked.

"Yes," he said, "I was in the navy. My name is Timms."

It was a full moment before the significance of the name reached me.

"Not Admiral Timms?" I said then. But even as I asked the silly question I knew the answer. He didn't answer it. He saw he didn't have to.

"Grant," he said, "I'm drafting you for Intelligence work."

My heart sank.

"Yes, sir," I said.

Ever since I read about you in the papers I've been checking up on you. You speak Japanese perfectly. You obey orders. You have some native wit. You proved that in the waiting room when you pretended not to understand what I said in Japanese. And I believe you have courage. Ever do any newspaper work?"

"No, sir."

"Well, you will," he promised. "After the Japanese have sunk our navy and invaded the Pacific Coast you'll remain here in Los Angeles. You'll be invaluable here. You'll represent the Vancouver Standard. You'll be a Canadian. I'll arrange all that. You'll send daily accounts to the Standard, and send us news by other means as well."

I didn't say anything. What was there to say?

We drove on again in silence. We came into Hollywood, and went south along La Brea Avenue to Wilshire Boulevard.

"You were born in this city, weren't you?" Timms asked.

"No, sir. I was born in Japan. My father was a missionary there. I grew up here, though."

We turned into Seventh Street when we came to Westlake Park, and stopped in front of a Chinese restaurant.

"Here we are," Timms announced, beginning the process of gathering up his legs.

There was a doorway to the left of the restaurant, and a flight of stairs leading to a few rooms above. Timms led the way, opened a door, and gave me the key.

"Your rooms," he said.

There was nothing to see but bare walls and ceilings and stretches of polished floor.

"You'll have all the furniture you need when you need it," he said. "Don't worry about that."

He went to a dumb-waiter in the middle room and pressed a button.

"Your name will be Dan Browne," he said. "With an *e*."

"Dan Browne with an *e*," I repeated.

A section of the floor rose up almost beneath my feet, and two men came up into the room. One was a young man of my age, in slacks and sports shoes and a blue-and-white sports sweater. The other was a Chinese.

"This is Bill Marvel," Timms introduced the young man. "He works for the Times. He will work with you, tell you what do to."

Bill Marvel put out a hand and gripped mine in a squeeze that hurt. I was astonished at his grip, since I had rather prided myself on the strength of my own hands. I have fists as big and hard as cobblestones; but Marvel could have crushed them if he chose.

He was slight and very good-looking. He seemed almost effeminate. Which made the prodigious strength of his hands all the more astonishing.

I must have said something of the kind, for he laughed, and took a silver dollar out of his pocket and began to bend it. He did it without seeming effort, making it assume any shape his fancy dictated. It might have been made of clay, for all it bothered him.

"And this is Sing Fat," Timms introduced the Chinese. "He owns the restaurant. He is one of the cleverest Chinese in the world. He hates the Japanese. You'll find him an invaluable help."

Sing Fat bowed with great respect.

"It will be an honor to serve Lieutenant Grant," he said.

Timms frowned at that, since he had introduced me as Dan Browne. He eyed me again, with that same intent speculation I had noticed in the waiting room at Burbank.

"Of course your size is against you, Dan," he said; "and your football notoriety won't do you any good. But I've got to take chances. Lots of Americans will recognize you as Scram Grant, of course. But I'm banking that most Japanese will never have heard of that individual and will take you for just what I hope you will appear to be—a rather dumb but likable Canadian newspaperman."

"If they don't," Marvel said, "it's curtains!"

We didn't stay long there. Timms and I left together, after Marvel and the Chinese had disappeared through the movable floor section of that room.

Here's JACK DENNY'S *recipe for the new G&W*

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"OLD SMOOTHIE" . . . G&W's Thirst Quencher for May

1 jigger G&W Seven Star, Five Star or Two Star Blended Whiskey
¼ jigger Dry Sherry 2 dashes Grenadine
Juice of ¼ Fresh Lime

Stir well with cracked ice, serve in cocktail glass . . . and savor G&W's rich "good whiskey" flavor that's as mellow as May!

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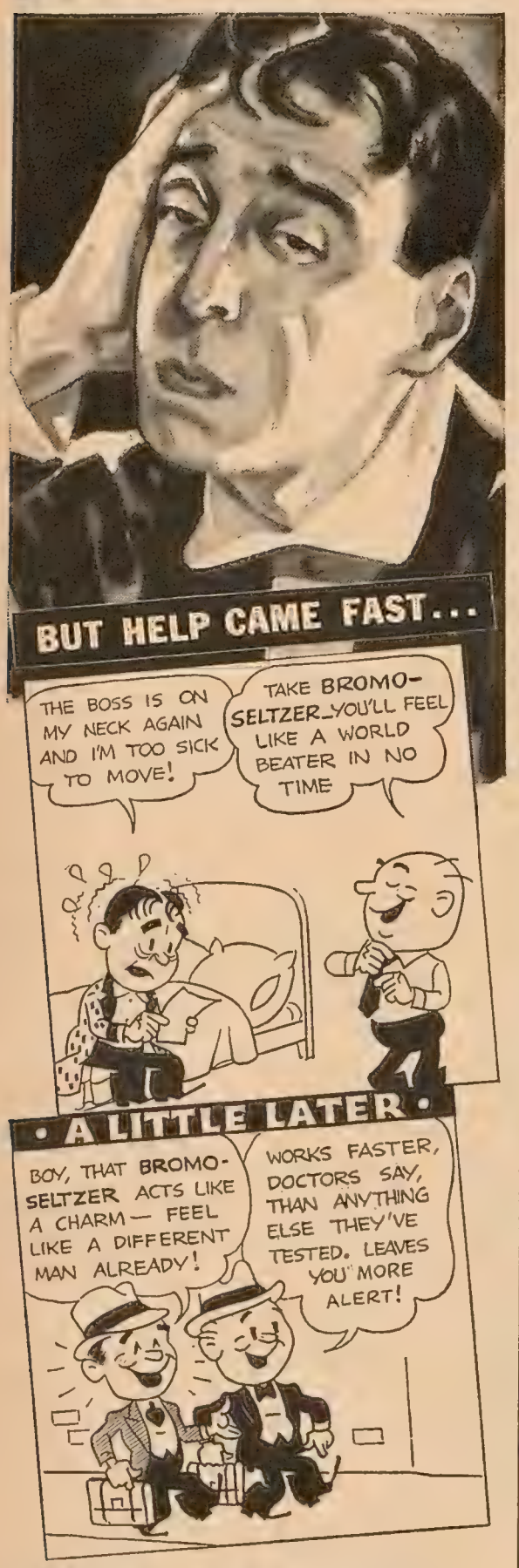
"MY HEAD'S SWOLLEN AS A POISONED PUP!"


BUT HELP CAME FAST...
THE BOSS IS ON MY NECK AGAIN AND I'M TOO SICK TO MOVE!
TAKE BROMO-SELTZER—YOU'LL FEEL LIKE A WORLD BEATER IN NO TIME
A LITTLE LATER
BOY, THAT BROMO-SELTZER ACTS LIKE A CHARM— FEEL LIKE A DIFFERENT MAN ALREADY!
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DON'T let next-morning headaches slow up your work. Bromo-Seltzer brings you relief so soon! Faster, doctors find, than any other remedy they've tested.

Also quiets the stomach, soothes nerves. Reduces excess lactic acid in your blood caused by overindulgence. At drugstores, soda fountains. Keep it at home, too.

BROMO-SELTZER
Makes you feel fit FASTER!

"When do I start?" I asked him.

Timms sighed and shook his head.

"I don't know," he said. "You may never start. If you get yourself killed—"

"Then you're going to let me sail with the fleet?"

He laughed, with the first tenderness I had discovered in him.

"I have no power to stop you," he said. "I am not Secretary of the Navy yet, but I shall be soon. Grant, I'd give everything I have to be going with you!"

"Of course," I said. I knew how he felt.

THE auto went around the park and turned back into Wilshire Boulevard.

"Funny," he said. "We spend our whole lives preparing for battle. We work. We study. We take it on the chin. We're always under somebody's thumb. And if we get five minutes of action, with the guns roaring in earnest on the high seas, we're satisfied. We die happy. But how many admirals and how many generals have ever had the chance to see an angry foeman?"

We stopped at an apartment house near the Ambassador Hotel.

"Far as you go," Timms said. "Run in and kiss your girl good-by, son—and tell her for God's sake to go to Canada."

"Thanks, sir," I said. "I will."

"Tell her it's utterly absurd to think we can defend this coast against Japan. Our army is scattered all over the country and we can't mobilize it quickly. It would take weeks to get it here—even if the mountain passes hadn't been blown up. And what is our army? A hundred and some thousand men! No airplanes to brag about. No tanks to speak about. Not enough artillery. Not enough anything!"

"You forget the marines, sir," I said. "A full brigade, with all the artillery and machine guns they need. They're at San Diego now. Rushed there, most of 'em, from Quantico and the East Coast yards."

"Six thousand men," Timms said wearily. "God help them. Well, good luck!"

We shook hands.

"Tell your girl not to weep if she finds your name in the list of killed. I'll have Bill Marvel write a nice piece about you. Scram Grant has to die so Dan Browne can live."

"Happy thought," I said. "But if I don't come back—"

"I'll know whether you do or not," he said. "Wait until I send for you."

I watched until his rickety car was lost in the traffic, and then I went up to see Rita Cannelle.

Rita, in orchid lounging pajamas and little green mules, was "the happiest girl in the world" that morning. Her eyes danced with joy when she saw me.

"You're here," she said, "and daddy's safe."

Her father was commander of the J. S. Edmunds, one of the destroyers in Admiral McDugel's little fleet.

Mrs. Cannelle insisted on making me some breakfast, though I explained I'd had a cup of coffee in Burbank. And she and Rita insisted on driving me down to San Diego.

"I'll let you take me," I said, "on one condition."

"On any condition," Rita cried. "What is it, Jimmy?"

"That you both pack up as soon as possible and go to Canada."

"But we've just signed a year's lease," Mrs. Cannelle objected.

However, I carried my point. They gave me a solemn promise that they'd leave that night for Victoria. I felt much better.

"I don't want to go," Rita said. "I'll be so far away from you, darling. But if it will make you any easier in your mind—"

I kissed her.

"I couldn't bear to think of you here, with Japanese soldiers all around," I said. "You'll be safe in Victoria. After the war you can come back and we'll be married here."

"Will it be a long war, Jimmy?"

I shook my head and smiled.

"Only a few months at the most," I lied—it was so easy to lie to her. "We'll sink the Japanese navy. That'll give us time to get our army together. We'll have two million men on this coast before you know it, and thousands of planes. What chance have the Japanese?"

She hugged me tightly and ran away to dress, while her mother busied herself putting up a picnic lunch we were to eat on the way.

There was such a contagion of happiness in the little apartment that morning that I felt glad myself. It takes so little to make one happy—a hope, a few words, a kiss. And it takes so little to wreck that happiness forever!

IT was a little after noon when we set out. A traffic light halted us in the Mexican quarter of the town, and we heard a newsboy shouting the news of an "American disaster."

Mrs. Cannelle called the boy to her, handed him a coin, and thrust the paper into my hands.

"Read it to me, Jimmy," she said.

She was busy at the wheel, and the most important thing in her mind at the moment was to shoot the auto across the intersection as soon as the light turned green.

The J. S. Edmunds had struck a mine off Mariveles, and had gone down with all hands.

I was sitting on the right of the front seat, with Rita between me and her mother. We were packed so tightly it would have been impossible for me to have hidden the paper, or to have turned it so Rita couldn't read the headlines.

Rita screamed.

At the same time the light turned green and Mrs. Cannelle threw the gear into place. Rita's scream unnerved her. She almost lost control of the wheel. She stopped in the middle of the street.

"Gracious, child!" she said. "You scared me. What is it?"

"Papa's dead!" Rita cried. "He's dead! The Edmunds struck a mine!"

Mrs. Cannelle seemed about to faint. She looked at Rita. She looked at me. I don't think she saw either of us.

"Oh," she said.

She started up the car again, and parked it halfway down the block.

She took the paper from my hands. Rita was in my arms, weeping hopelessly. I held her tight and petted her, not knowing what else to do.

Mrs. Cannelle read the account in the paper, a blind incredulous look on her face.

"O God, have mercy!" she said softly.

She got out of the car. We followed. She walked toward a little brick church a hundred feet away.

Rita was sobbing as we went in, but not violently. Concern for her mother was overcoming her grief for the dead.

There were three altars in the back of the church, the largest in the center. There was a little red lamp suspended from the ceiling, which burned before the middle altar. Before the side altars were racks of candles, and little flickering flames threw lights and shadows on the statue of the Virgin and on one of a nun with a cross in her hand and roses falling down her robe.

It was dark in that church, and there were dark heavy pillars along either side of the center aisle. There were dark pictures all around, depicting Christ's awful journey to Calvary, carrying the cross. It was cool, and there were many smells—smells of stale incense fumes, smells of dust, smells of ancient wood, smells of humble people.

We knelt in a back pew and prayed.

I prayed as fervently and as humbly as I could. I knew every man and boy on the J. S. Edmunds.

"The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away," I murmured—my father's voice speaking through my lips. "Blessed be the name of the Lord."

"Amen," Mrs. Cannelle answered.

Rita put her arms about me and wept silently and long.

I DROVE them home.

"You can't go, Jimmy," Rita cried when I started to leave. "I won't let you go. Must I lose you too? No, no! You must not go."

"Peace, darling," her mother said softly. "God will take care of him."

She took her daughter from me, held her in her arms.

"We'll pray for you, Jimmy," she said.

Rita came rushing to me again as I reached the front door.

"Good-by, my darling," she said, offering me her lips. "I will be brave, Jimmy. I will be brave."

Bugles were blowing on the Ohio when I reported to Admiral Rulton.

"You come in time," he said. "We sail at the next tide. Make your will, and wash the lipstick off your face."

Within two hours we were heading for Hawaii.

Is Scram Grant headed for terrible disaster? Marian had warned him: "If you go to the relief of Oahu you will be destroyed!" And he's on his way. Read the next issue of Liberty for the climax which results from this courageous and maybe foolhardy action.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

1—His father was born in India; he was once a newspaper artist; when the cinema was young he was known as Jack; his newest role requires that he die for love, though it is Romeo's love. From these scattered facts, can you identify the erratic, brilliant subject of the early photo at the right?

2—Why are the South Sea Islands so called?

3—OARP stands for what?

4—What green vegetable, served hot or cold, was a favorite dish with the ancient Romans?

5—Who, thirteen months old, was kidnaped by means of a ladder in 1920, and was not returned to his parents after ransom was paid?

6—Is ghee good to eat?

7—When was the present King Edward of England crowned?

8—What Biblical character was 500 years old when his sons were born?

9—What was the first building to be erected in Washington, D. C.?

10—About what was the population of America when the white man arrived?

11—When were coins known as gun money made from kitchen utensils?

12—Which is the fourth of the Seven Wonders of the World?

13—In mythology, what youth failed to return Echo's passion and, as a result of Venus's vengeance, became a flower?

14—What gentle animal, related to the horse and the rhinoceros, is distinguished by its Jimmy Durante proboscis?

15—Of Israel Zangwill's plays, which gained the most fame?

16—How long is the average breeding period for mares?

17—Which of the following countries' flags contain red, white, and blue: France, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia?

18—Who is George Burns's wife?

19—What variety of canary sings "bass"?

20—The name of what American lexicographer (1758-1843) appears on books published every year?

(Answers will be found on page 39)

CLEANED HIS CAR AND STRAINED SIDE

BUT ABSORBINE JR. SOON STOPPED SHARP PAIN

THE safest job in the world would seem to be cleaning one's own car in the backyard on a Sunday morning.

Yet L. W. reports* that in wiping off the edge of the roof, he somehow twisted or strained a ligament in his side that hurt plenty.

Fortunately they had a bottle of Absorbine Jr. in the house and frequent massage with this grand old liniment soon stopped the pain.

Distressing little accidents happen in every family—bruises, cuts, strains, aches, sore muscles, sprains, Athlete's Foot. A bottle of Absorbine Jr. is a blessing at such times, because it's so dependable, so quick to relieve. And economical, because a little goes so far. All druggists'—$1.25 a bottle. For free sample, fill out and mail coupon below.

**Based on actual letter from our files*

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DR. JOEL J. PRESSMAN

why CLAUDETTE COLBERT DOES NOT FEAR RELIGIOUS DIFFERENCES IN HER MARRIAGE

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 18 SECONDS

LILY CHAUCHOIN—Claudette Colbert to us—specializes in unusual marriages. In 1927, playing on Broadway in The Barker, she fell in love with her leading man, clean-cut, youthful Norman Foster. In less than three months from the day the show opened, they were married.

They didn't tell anybody about it. Especially they didn't tell Claudette's mother. In fact, they fooled her and Winchell for a year.

By that time, so they said, they had become so used to living under separate roofs, and making dates with each other like an engaged couple, that they kept right on. They even widened their geographical separation by about three thousand miles.

Norman was working in Hollywood, Claudette in New York. Months passed; then years. Twice they met in Chicago for week ends. Finally Claudette came to Hollywood. But the regime of separate domiciles continued.

Then, suddenly, after two final years of dwindling dating, the modern lovers got themselves a divorce. Norman married Loretta Young's sister, Sally Blane; and Claudette, after asserting that "an artist should never marry," slipped off to Yuma on Christmas Eve and married Joel Pressman. In both cases, apparently, the separate-domicile idea was quite dead.

But a good many of Claudette's millions of admirers are not very happy about this second marriage of hers.

Joel Pressman, M.D., specialist in tonsillectomy and bronchoscopy, is distinctly *not* of the genus Hollywoodian, and has been willing to indulge in fisticuffs with news photographers to prove it.

"I'm a doctor, not a movie star," he insists. "The posing should be done by Claudette."

This unwillingness to be photographed with his beautiful bride is part and parcel of the ethics of his profession. Too much publicity might ruin his career. But Claudette, as an actress dependent on the public's favor, must live by the very things which he avoids.

He is on the staff of two big Los Angeles hospitals, gives hours of his valuable time to a clinic which he has founded, and spends still others in deep medical research. He is a regular fellow! But when it comes to show business, what he doesn't know is monumental.

Up to the time he operated on her sinuses, he had never seen his future wife on the motion-picture screen!

However, Claudette herself isn't to be judged by Hollywood standards. She was born into a very French French family on the Rue Armand Carrel in Paris. Her real name is Lily Chauchoin; she changed it to Claudette Colbert after she arrived with her family in New York. But she has remained in essence the same prim little French girl she was in her first-Communion veil.

It was through her literature teacher, Alice Rossiter, and her art teacher, Helen Hackett—both devotees of the little-theater movement in New York—that she first played small parts with the Provincetown Players, a semi-professional organization, and later gained her first professional chance—a part in The Wild Westcotts.

It wasn't much of a part. She came on only once, and had only three lines. But she brought home fifty dollars a week, and this, coupled with Father Chauchoin's death at about this time, reconciled Mama Chauchoin to her daughter's public career. Since then the good lady has devoted herself to it unremittingly. In fact, next to Elsie Janis, Claudette has been the most mothered girl in the theatrical profession.

by FREDERICK L. COLLINS

It was largely the fact that she wouldn't give up the mother for the husband, most of her friends believe, which led her in her first marriage to continue the separate-domicile scheme to its inevitable conclusion in the divorce courts.

However, there are reasons to believe that the woman who has married Joel Pressman is a very different person from the girl who married Norman Foster.

"I believe now," explained Claudette, "that any marriage must be lived by the rules which have governed marriage since the institution started."

At any rate, she is starting off this second marriage on a much more promising basis than she did the first.

Claudette is the best listener in Hollywood, and is genuinely interested in *materia medica.* Her inspired performance as the woman doctor in Private Worlds was no accident.

As for "Jack" Pressman, it is hard to see why this big smiling fellow should be a problem in any young woman's life. He is well born—a Pressman of the Philadelphia Pressmans. He is highly educated—University of Virginia and Harvard Medical School. He is experienced in matrimony. His divorce was solemnized only a week before his Christmas Eve elopement with Claudette.

All of which is begging the question as to the chief danger which many people believe threatens the married happiness of those two nice people.

He is a handsome man, Pressman—thirty-four years old and six feet high. He has fine, kind, humorous eyes, an erect and well proportioned body. He radiates health, poise, efficiency, distinction. But he is indubitably a Jew—a fine upstanding Jewish Jew.

Such a man has centuries of Hebrew culture behind him. He cannot shed them to make a cinema holiday. And therefore in his heart of hearts he must have had a hard struggle before he accepted the principle of racial and religious intermarriage—even to Claudette.

The Revealing Inside Story of a Glamorous Film Star's Sudden Leap from the Most Modern of Matches to the Most Ancient of Alliances

IN these days of religious tolerance it would seem almost anachronistic for this question of marriage between Christian and Jew to be deemed serious. But there are those who still remember the uproar which followed that other famous intermarriage, the mating of Ellin Mackay with Irving Berlin. To be sure, there were mixed marriages even in Moses's ancient day; but intermarriage was then openly decried, just as it has been until very recently in the modern Hebraic world.

Perhaps in America Abie's Irish Rose has done something, along with the popularity of civil marriages, to soften the opposition on both sides of the religious fence. Certainly in countries where Jews have been settled for generations, have become prosperous, and have mingled with the native population, mixed marriages are prevalent. In Berlin, before Mr. Hitler was born, every fourth Jew and every sixth Jewess married outside the faith. In the Scandinavian countries, even in recent years, almost two thirds of the marriages involving Jews were definitely mixed.

All of which might be academic and unimportant if it weren't for the fact that only twenty-five per cent of the offspring of these intermarriages are raised as Jews; that only ten per cent of those thus raised continue in the orthodox Jewish faith; and that after two or three generations there are, apparently, of these marriages no Jews at all.

As a result, there are now only fifteen million Jews in the world—at least, only fifteen million who hold to the Jewish faith. Every Jew knows, however, that this is but a small fraction of a much larger population possessing Jewish blood.

There is a low birth rate in these intermarriages; but this may be due to social and psychological, rather than physical or biological, reasons. And there is reason to believe that marriages involving Jews and non-Jews produce children capable of the very highest type of literary, artistic, and scientific endeavor; for example: Montaigne the philosopher, Booth the actor, Metchnikoff the biologist, Sullivan the composer, Millais the artist, Herschel the astronomer.

Anyhow, the child problem may not concern either Claudette or Joel. Hollywood, except in rare cases, doesn't propagate. It adopts.

Moreover, I am convinced that the situation is not so difficult as it may seem in many other respects. Hollywood, with all its faults, possesses to a remarkable degree the quality of tolerance. In religious matters especially, it is not only tolerant but somnolent. It is the best place in the world to try to make a success of racial and religious intermarriage.

As inspiring examples there are Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler, Sam Goldwyn and Frances Howard, George Burns and Gracie Allen, Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer, and dozens of others. There are, or soon will be, Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard.

These are not the only favorable omens.

Both Claudette and Joel are intellectually mature. Each is well established in a chosen profession. Both are taking life in their strides. Claudette, for example, has reached the point where she makes only four pictures a year. Between them, she has time for rest and exercise and doing over the living room. Moreover, she has traits which make for success in anything she undertakes.

How will Claudette fare on her sudden leap from the most modern of marriages to the most ancient?

And how will Joel fare?

As you may have gathered, the present writer feels that both of them will fare damn well.

THE END

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

WHY DO

A Timely, Illuminating Exploration of the "Dark Mysteries" of Flight—There Aren't Any Today, Declares a Veteran Pilot

The author, who is associate editor of Popular Aviation.

SWANEE TAYLOR

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

EVERY major airplane crack-up is sure to evoke a prolonged aimless bleat about a host of "dark mysteries" supposedly still floating around in the sky. The simple truth is that there isn't a single thing mysterious or even unaccountable, from the standpoint of aviation, left in the navigable heavens above. There are no more deep dark secrets. We know what it is all about. If we didn't, would it be likely that some 35,000 assorted airplanes the world over could maintain a mileage average equal, roughly, to forty-seven round trips to the moon for every fatal crash? Lord, no! There'd be one every hour.

Time was when quite a few mysteries did becloud man's stubborn resolve to fly. Pretty nearly each and every one of them had to be solved by accident, and only when an airman lived to tell the tale was it possible to work out the solution.

The prime question was, What makes an airplane fly? The real answer, or a large part of it, was a long time coming. One day, not long before the World War, a handful of young designers were gathered around an ordinary electric fan to watch the reactions of a new scale model in the blast of air. The scale model didn't behave at all well. One young fellow was standing behind the fan in order to study it head on. As he crouched, peering intently through the whirling blades, he puffed a mouthful of cigar smoke. The moment the smoke was drawn into the fan and sprayed against the motionless model, a wild outcry smashed the studious silence.

"Do that again—do it again!" yelled a young man who had been gazing at the model in profile. "Quick, do it again! Smoke! More smoke!"

Then he pointed out the wavy blue haze veering acutely upward when it reached the entering edge of the wing. And thus it was revealed, for the first time, that the top surface of an airfoil—wing to you—is affected by its passage through the breeze. When the blunt entering edge cuts through the atmosphere, part of the air is deflected up and away with sufficient force to create a partial vacuum on the top of the wing. And it has since been ascertained that five eighths of the total lift comes from this suction on the *top surface* of the panel.

This particular discovery stands out, to my thinking, as aviation's greatest single step ahead. Imagine, if you can, the reassurance that came with finding out what a down bump actually amounts to. As for the up bumps, we know now that they are things of delight—like hitting the crest of the next rise on a roller coaster. Cascading air, however, is something else again. It is peculiar to hilly or mountainous regions, and results from the tendency of ground winds to follow the earth's contour.

A sizable job fell into my lap one happy day: to do some aerial photography up around West Point. The boys warned me that it's always bumpy over those hill crests, and to stay well above them. But, being an old prairie-land flyer, I paid little attention.

It was bumpy up there, all right—very. Charley, the cameraman, standing in the front cockpit, rattled around like a pea in a pod. And it was with considerable relief that I turned toward the Hudson for our last shots of the day.

Charley made half a dozen obliques, then signaled for me to drop lower for some close-ups. Cutting the gun, we started a long flat glide toward the Palisades on the west bank.

He made his first exposure, and I climbed for altitude to repeat the procedure against the foot of Bear Mountain. Innocently enough, I took no heed of an easterly wind coming in over the mountain.

Starting my glide, I planned to drop down to a hundred feet or so below the level of the knoll, where, with a burst of gun, we'd be able to skim over the top. Charley took his own sweet time making that picture—and when I looked up, there was Bear Mountain practically in our laps, with its round nob a good two hundred feet above us. And the ship was settling rapidly. Great Jehoshaphat! Frantically I jammed on full gun and hauled the nose as high as I dared. But nary a foot would she climb.

It looked absolutely hopeless, and I reached to cut the switches, against fire. My hand didn't quite reach the instrument panel. Just in the nick of time we emerged from the down draft into a pocket of calm air behind it—where, praise be, the wings got a good bite and carried us up through the

PLANES CRASH?

treetops to the crest of the mountain, which we sailed over with room to spare.

It was a lesson, after which I had no further qualms about taking off against a hillside in a heavy wind. Almost everybody took for granted that once you were through the descending curtain everything would be all right—a foolish belief which, I fear, was responsible for quite some few "mysterious" crashes.

Not until 1928 was it definitely learned that the cascading type of downdraft can, and will under certain conditions, smack an airplane against the ground. It was generally known that the ordinary downdraft always cushions, or mushrooms, before reaching terra firma. But it remained for Art Starbuck to survive such a crack-up.

Flying on the San Francisco-Seattle run, he was at the base of Mount Baldi, up in the Mount Shasta region. That part of the world is noted for "settle drafts," and is no picnic ground for aviation. The weather, too, was against him—a thirty-mile wind smack on the nose, not to mention a man-size snowstorm. Flying at five hundred feet, he approached Mount Baldi riding over the lip of a deep canyon. He had already hit a number of wicked settle drafts; but hadn't there been a cushion at the bottom of each one? He slid into the lee of the big mountain.

DOWN came the wind, rushing down the steep slope, and down went the ship in the face of it. Starbuck remained unperturbed for the first three hundred feet. But when a scant hundred feet was left between him and the cold, cold ground—and no cushion! —it ceased to be fun. He pushed wide the gun and yanked her nose heavenward. And that's exactly how he hit—nose high and the gun full on.

Here, in substance, is what he reported in the National Air Pilots' Journal: Absence of a cushion at the foot of Mount Baldi, that time, was due to the wind continuing its path on downward into the canyon. Just like water it ran down the mountainside to pour over the canyon rim as if over the brink of a cataract.

Which exemplifies the fluidity of air. Also, while still in splints and bandages, Art fervently enjoined us all to be wary of flying under the lee of any mountain peak. A point that has since proved to have been well taken.

And now for that "mystery," lightning. There is no eyewitness account of a ship in the air being struck, and since the ignition system is grounded within the plane, every man jack in the industry will maintain that it can't be struck. However, I know for a fact that lightning will at least flirt with planes a bit. And every pilot who has foolishly gone poking around the fringe of a thunderstorm has seen the blue-white static accumulation running up and down the rigging.

Of course, if a ship is unlucky enough to get in the direct path of an electrical discharge, it will be struck. My authority for this is Dr. J. H. Kimball, meteorologist in the New York Weather Bureau, whose word is gospel to all flyers.

The last mystery was propeller failure. Why were the new metal props flying to pieces? Everybody became increasingly nervous as old friends, superb pilots all, met with disaster from this cause. And at that time we all believed that the trouble was somewhere in the blades themselves. Frequent acid etchings were made in search of hidden flaws. Metallurgists redoubled their efforts to develop a faultless alloy. Still the old windmills went on breaking.

The answer was finally discovered on Friday the 13th of February, 1931, and it was my near-bad luck to be in on the discovery. I was passenger hopping at Daytona Beach, Florida. On that jinx date precious few customers would hazard an airplane ride, so I seized the chance to hop over to a hangar in Lakeland, to have some of the assorted clanks and roughness taken out of the motor. The boys there went over it thoroughly, and I started back in a tranquil frame of mind.

But now she was rougher than ever. Golly, what a rattletrap! I looked at my instruments. I couldn't read a single one of them! The needles shivered all over the dials. Quitting time! I banked around cautiously and tiptoed back to Lakeland.

Naturally my story met with raucous laughter. The boys rechecked the motor and found her perfect. But when I took Mac, the chief mechanic, up for a test hop, the shaking began at once, and he screamed bloody murder to get down again. The chief rigger went up next, and he almost had epilepsy. Then the boys really went to work on the ship. The engine was gone over carefully for a third time, the entire structure of the ship was raked with a fine-tooth comb, and the propeller was tracked. Nothing wrong. Here *was* a mystery!

I crawled into a parachute to try yet again —but before I got myself seated a terrific yowl went up at the nose of the ship. Some one fumbling around the propeller hub had come upon a rift in the rear half of it which extended to within half an inch of breaking off altogether. Another few minutes, if I'd gone up again, and the job would have been completed! One blade would have flown off into space, the motor would have been wrenched out of its bed and tossed aside, the ship would have fallen into a flat spin. That is, she'd have spun if she hadn't been torn to pieces. In either event, it is highly problematical if I'd have been able to get away with a chute jump.

And, do you know, while Wes Raymond was hopping about gleefully, shouting, "Whippee! We've found it—we've located the trouble at last!" I remained utterly unmoved by the great discovery! I had been the unwitting guinea pig in this case. I was the one who had come face to face with the old Reaper and had seen him getting ready to swing his scythe. B-r-r-r!

Nevertheless, with that incident to guide them, the manufacturers soon remedied the busted-propeller evil by the simple process of "beefing up" the hubs.

THE END

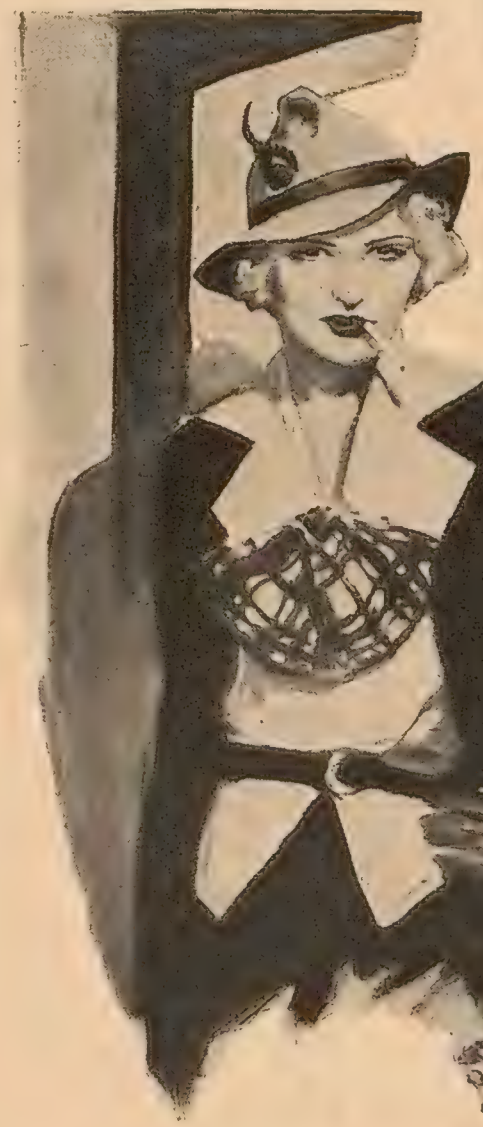
A GOOD MANAGER

A Champ of Yesterday Takes You to the Ringside Again—in a Stirring Tale of a Big Shot and a Bullet from a Blonde

by

JACK DEMPSEY

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 7 SECONDS



ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

THEY said it never happened in the fight game before. I mean the way Art left me in my corner on that night of all nights. Why? I couldn't understand it. And what happened after, I'll never forget. Who did it? But maybe I better start at the beginning. The first time I ever saw Art Politani was when his father wrote him about me knocking out so many lightweights in the "Amateurs," and Art came home just on account of me.

Everybody was surprised to see Art, because he hadn't been home since he ran away, which was about five years before I even was born. But everybody knew about him, because his father kept the only barbershop in the village and he told everybody how Art had first run away to Omaha, which was about forty miles from home, then later went to all the big cities and managed prizefighters and made lots of money.

Of course lots of people had to say that Art's picture had been in the paper as a racketeer, but I could see they were jealous. Why, even Art's own father told me I could trust him with anything.

Quitting school at twelve, I'd worked on my father's farm until I was fifteen; then fought two years in the "Amateurs." Art said, "I'll make you the champ, Danny Miles." And I wanted to be the champ so bad that I signed a long contract with him that gave him half of everything I earned from fighting, movies, advertising endorsements, and some other things. My father had to sign it too, because I was under twenty-one or something. I guess I made a good bargain.

Fighting professionally for a year, I kept winning most of my fights by knockouts, and Art said I was a natural two-fisted fighter, and that I kept punching like hell until something dropped.

The night I finished Bud Gates in the fifth round, the newspaper fellows all came into the dressing room. They started to ask me a lot of questions, but I guess Art showed them that he was as smart as they was, because he cut right in quick and said, "I do the talkin', boys. Danny does the fightin'. Besides, he's only an eighteen-year-old punk kid from the sticks and don't know what it's all about." But with the Boxing Commissions Art had me as twenty-one, and I felt safe with *him* looking out for me.

"Are you going after a match with the champ?" a newspaper fellow asked.

Art rubbed a hand over his slick black hair and laughed in that queer way of his.

"Certainly we're goin' to fight the champ. We're goin' to challenge him tomorrow."

"What do you mean, *challenge* him?"

Geez, this newspaper fellow looked Art right in the eye with kind of a wise look. "You know who's got the champ—and what you've got to do to get a crack at the title."

Art's face got awful red.

Big Mike fell hard and lay still. Art wiped something off the butt of the gun.

"Ixnay!" He shot a quick glance at me. "You better get into that shower, kid."

Sometimes Art talks funny like that and I can't understand him. I went into the shower. But I heard Art hollering like he was awful mad.

"You guys burn me up with your smart cracks. You know the kid ain't a hip gee—and besides, it's none of your damned business!"

By the time I got dressed, me and Art were all alone in the dressing room. But suddenly the door opened and a big heavy-set fellow came in.

Art scowled, but after a moment he said, "Hahya, Mike?"

The big fellow Mike rolled a fat cigar around in his mouth and kept looking right at Art, and finally he said, "Well?"

Geez, Art's face got almost purple now. "You ain't goin' to try an' hold me up after that knockout?" With one hand inside his coat, he stepped closer to big Mike.

"You made the deal," the fellow said. "If it'd went the distance, you knew it was in the satchel."

More funny talk that I couldn't understand.

"But it didn't!" Art yelled right in Mike's face. "So you might as well amscray—your ticket's punched full of holes an' it ain't no good to me, see!"

"Why, you double-crossin' louse—get that oughday up or—"

Big Mike fell hard and lay still. There was a gash right between his eyes. Art wiped something off the butt of the gun.

"When you carry lots of money in your pocket, kid, you need an equalizer—I mean a gun—for protection."

"Geez, Art," I breathed, "don't you need a permit?"

He laughed right out loud.

"Sure, kid—but they're easy to get."

Big Mike moved, and Art went over and kicked him in the side and he opened his eyes. "C'm' on, kid, he's out of the ether all right—let's get movin'."

"Remember, I'm gonna get you for that!" Big Mike groaned and started to swear and call Art names.

Right then I was glad that I let Art take care of all my money—save it and invest it for me, like he suggested.

NEXT morning Art made a lot of telephone calls from the hotel about a lightweight-title fight in that funny talk that I couldn't understand. He kept hollering, "I know that the Combination's got him, and I'm ready to do business!"

I guess he finally got the right man, because he agreed to come around to the gym that afternoon and talk it over with Art. Just before he hung up Art said, "I gotcha—if it's to be the McCoy, the Combination wants a twenty-five-per-cent interest in future earnings if he cops. And if he goes off the springboard, fifteen per cent and the bettin' angle. . . . Huh? I like the springboard idea—why, I can make a hundred Gs bettin' on a sure thing. . . . Sure, there's plenty of time for the other. . . . Right. We'll take care of it tomorrow. S'long."

I said, "Am I going to fight for the title, Art?"

"Sure, kid," he grinned. "It's all practically settled."

Geez, I was pretty happy, because I wanted to be the champ awful bad. I was lucky to have a good manager like Art. Then all of a sudden his door opened and kind of a flashy girl in a red suit, with yellow hair and green eyes, came in smoking a cigarette.

Art got sort of pale, and yelled, "Dixie! I thought you were—"

"In the clink, where you sent me, eh—you stool! But I got friends with better connections than you'll ever have, you rat!" She was as cool as could be, and she strutted over to a chair and sat down and crossed one foot high above her knee and held it there with one hand while smoking with the other. "They sprung me—and one of them told me my *dear* husband was living here," she added.

Art looked awful mad. "I told you long ago that we were all washed up with each other!"

"Yeah, because you got in the money. And after you left, you told McGinnis that he'd find a lot of things in my apartment that had been borrowed from department stores.

"You're kind of fussy for a former torpedo," she went on with that same funny talk like Art uses, "and it's too bad they never could pin anything on you, but I—" She stopped talking for a second and opened her handbag and dabbed at her nose with a little kind of lacy handkerchief.

According to the Government Health Bulletin, No. E-28, at least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form and the skin cracks and peels. After a while the itching becomes intense and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

Beware of It Spreading

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get rid of this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

Most people who have Athlete's Foot have tried all kinds of remedies to cure it without success. Ordinary germicides, antiseptics, salve or ointments seldom do any good.

Here's How to Treat It

The germ that causes the disease is known as Tinea Trichophyton. It buries itself deep in the tissues of the skin and is very hard to kill. A test made shows it takes 20 minutes of boiling to kill the germ, so you can see why the ordinary remedies are unsuccessful.

H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of treating Athlete's Foot. It is a liquid that penetrates and dries quickly. You just paint the affected parts. It peels off the tissue of the skin where the germ breeds.

Itching Stops Immediately

As soon as you apply H. F. you will find that the itching is immediately relieved. You should paint the infected parts with H. F. night and morning until your feet are well. Usually this takes from three to ten days, although in severe cases it may take longer or in mild cases less time.

H. F. will leave the skin soft and smooth. You will marvel at the quick way it brings you relief; especially if you are one of those who have tried for years to get rid of Athlete's Foot without success.

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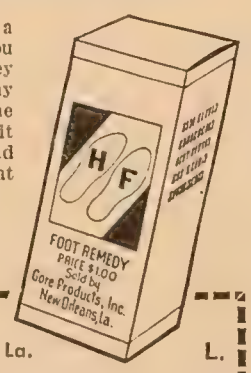

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DRUGGISTS: Send For Special Proposition

Geez, I saw Art's eyes start to bulge as he went for her. She put her handkerchief back in her bag quick like. The same hand came from the bag even quicker and a sudden roar shook the room. But she missed him, and there was kind of a sound like *spat* against the wall on the street side. Then he knocked the small flat automatic from her hand.

He grabbed her by the front of her suit coat with his left hand, and tried to stand her up to hit her with his right, but she struggled and hollered and kept fighting him like a wildcat and twisting to get away until her clothes above the waist were all torn off and he finally knocked her out with punches in the face.

I ran to my room and got a white sweater that I used for road work, all the time thinking that it was awful for Art to punch her.

SHE was still lying unconscious on the floor when I came back. Art was looking down at her and swearing something awful. Then there were footsteps in the hall and a rap on the door. Art picked up her automatic and put it in his pocket, and I tossed him the sweater and said he better put it on her, and he did, buttoning it tight around her neck. He snatched up her bag and torn things and put them in a bureau drawer as the knock came again on the door.

"Take her in your room and lock the door," Art whispered, "and I'll square it with whoever's outside."

I carried her into my room and locked the door. She hadn't come to yet, so I carried her into the bathroom and held her up by the sink and kept washing her face with cold water until she opened her eyes.

"What happened? Who are you?" she asked, kind of weak like.

I helped her to walk to a chair in my room. Then I said, "My name's Danny Miles, and I'm a fighter, and Art Politani's my manager, and I'm sorry for what happened, but you better go before Art comes in here, because he's awful mad at you for trying to kill him."

Geez, she smiled a little, and what do you think she said? She said, "You poor kid!" Then she stood up and swayed a little.

"You're right," she snapped. "He'd kill me sure now, if he got the chance. I'll lam—but I'll be seeing him!" She started for the door.

I opened the door and looked down the hall. Nobody there.

I said, "Now's your chance."

She squeezed my arm as she slid past me and said, "You're a good kid, Danny." I closed the door after her.

In a few minutes Art came in, and he was terrible sore when he saw she'd gone. I said, "She came to and beat it while I was in the bathroom." The first lie I ever told him, but I thought it was for the best.

"I wasn't through with her," he growled. "Never mind, I'll catch up with her! You saw how it is, kid, when you have trouble with a woman and separate from her."

Then he told me the house detective had been at his door because somebody telephoned downstairs about the loud report in his rooms. Art told him he had broken an electric-light bulb. Everything was all right. But Art said maybe we'd better move to another hotel. So we moved. . . .

The champ kept us waiting in the ring for seven minutes. It was the biggest crowd I ever fought before. It was to be twelve rounds. I was terrible nervous, because I wanted to win that title awful bad, and because I heard a sharp-looking man ask Art that last day in the gym how much he had bet on the fight.

Art said, "A hundred and twenty Gs—every quarter I had in the world. I had a guy place it—naturally."

"I just wanted to know how much you had ridin'—the Comby got some warnings to look out for a cross. You ain't foolish enough for that, I hope."

"Do I look like an umpchay that was born yesterday?" Art snapped. "I told you I got a hundred and twenty thousand dollars on the line."

"How many rounds?"

"No more than six."

"We'll remember that." The sharp-eyed man walked away.

Geez, I got more nervous as I thought about it again. If I didn't win, Art would lose all the money he had in the world. And he had said the champ was favorite at six to five. Art was standing beside me. From the look on his face you'd think this was going to be nothing but a two-round workout in the gym.

And when the second round was over Art looked just the same—even smiling a little, although I thought that Joe Shrigg, the lightweight champ, had won both rounds. But Art just kept patting me on the back and telling me to take it easy because the champ was a strong finisher, and Art said I was outboxing him and had won both rounds.

I WANTED to tear in and bob under the champ's straight left, and let go with both hands until it was him or me, like I always fight, but Art said, "No!" So I went out in the third to do what he said because he knew best.

Joe kept sticking that left in my face, and keeping me off balance and following through with both hands to my body and jaw while I tried to outbox him. In the clinches I'd get in one or two punches, but Joe'd tie me up quick and prevent me from doing any damage.

He hooked a left to my ear that set my head buzzing, and I was just about to bob and weave and go after him strong but I remembered Art's instructions, and instead I threw a long right from my straight stand-up boxing position that Art had advised me to use against the champ. He rolled with the punch like he had been doing against all my punches and the blow slid off the side of his head harmlessly. He countered with a terrific right to my heart that made me skip a breath, and I was wishing

Art would let me open up and fight instead of trying to outbox him.

I stuck a left jab in his face but caught a left hook to my chin, and when I found his ribs with a good right, he stepped in fast with a barrage of punches to my body and jaw that brought the crowd to their feet with a roar.

In a clinch I pounded away with both hands. The champ really blocked most of them, but the crowd was still cheering wildly as the bell ended the round.

In the corner Art fell all over me and told me I was doing fine, and just to keep going that way for a few rounds; then he'd let me open up. He said you have to fight a champion different than other fellows because if he wasn't smart he wouldn't be champion. So I just decided not to worry any more because Art was a good manager and knew what to do. And besides, he'd bet all his money on me, so I thought I'd better be careful and do exactly like he said.

The fourth was like the others—but Art was as happy as he could be and said I was fighting a smart fight. In the fifth the champ forced the fighting more, and once or twice I thought I saw him looking down at Art squatting behind my corner, but I guess he must have been confused and thought it was his own corner, like fighters do sometimes.

I was forced to back up before Joe's forceful attack because I wasn't no match for him at straight stand-up boxing, and he was reaching me with too many punches to the body that hurt. Then he started to circle to his right. I stepped in with a well meant left hook aimed at his chin but he picked the punch off with his right and stuck three jabs into my mouth so fast that I didn't know where they came from.

The same hand dug into my body and he clinched and tied me up before I could land a punch.

The rest of the round went the same way—Joe landing three punches to my one and punishing me continually around the body. I just kept biting into my mouthpiece harder and thinking, "Wait till Art lets me open up!"

Art sponged my face and kept looking at the champ's corner. To see how he looked, I guess. Then Art said, "You got a little cut over each eye, kid—better fix 'em up."

I was surprised because there wasn't any blood coming and I didn't know I had been cut, except my lips had been busted a little and my nose was sore from Joe's left jab. Art began to apply the collodion to where he said the cuts was, and he musta got nervous because all of a sudden his hand jumped like, and I got some of the collodion in both eyes.

I hollered, "Geez, my eyes!"

Art said, "I'm sorry, kid—my hand slipped. Getting nervous, I guess." Before he could say anything more the bell rang.

My eyes were burning and paining and watering so bad I could hardly see a thing. My heart came up in my throat and stuck there because I figured I was licked now, sure. I'd be knocked out because I couldn't fight seven more rounds with my eyes watering so bad from the burning pain and almost blinding me. While I was blinking I'd surely get murdered.

Geez, my only chance was to fight it out in this sixth round, no matter what Art had instructed me about taking it easy until he told me to open up. The champ must have noticed there was something wrong with me, because he came tearing into me as if he had decided to try and finish me. I didn't try to box him any more.

I bobbed under his terrific punches and then came up inside to crack him over the heart with a peach of a right that surprised him and hurt, because he staggered back. He caught himself and waited for me to come, and when I weaved around his straight left and nailed him with a left hook to the solar plexus, my eyes were watering so bad that I never saw his right coming at my chin at all, and both punches landed at once, and we both went down.

Geez, it was the first time I'd been

'Tisn't So

by R. E. Doan

SENDING A TELEGRAM does not use more current. A current is always passing through the telegraph wires, and a message is sent by breaking this current for the required number of times to transmit the message. Thus, in reality, less current is used when sending a telegram.

A GOOD MEMORY is not always an asset. Many people are inclined to rely more upon their memory of what some one else said or did than upon their own powers of constructive thought. A good memory rightly used is, of course, very helpful—but many people do not use it to the best advantage.

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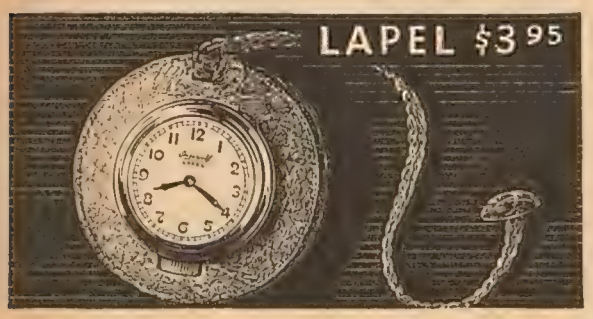

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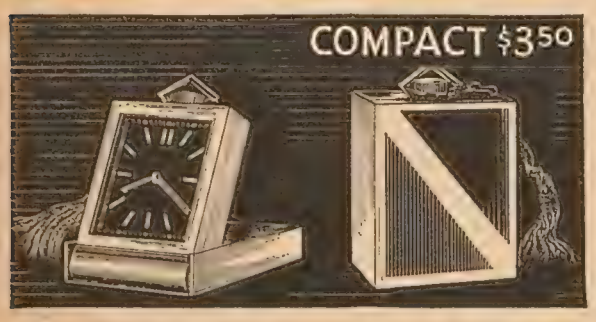

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knocked off my feet, and it was like something had exploded in my head, and flickering lights like began to swim before me in sort of a vaporish blur. Far away I heard a great roar that kept coming nearer and nearer. Then things began to clear a little and I could see kind of indistinctly the sea of faces around the ring, all yelling as if they'd gone crazy.

Then I felt my eyes burning and I remembered I was in a fight. A few feet away I saw the referee's arm rising and falling and he was hollering, ". . . five—six—" and I began to get up. I was up on wobbly legs at "eight," and on the other side of the referee I saw the champ struggling to his feet all doubled up like.

Geez, then I knew I had him, because I could punch harder than he could, as my record showed. I'd just sail in now and make him punch it out. I felt so kind of crazy with the crowd roaring and quick happy thoughts of being the champion flashing through my mind, and my eyes watering and making me blink all the time to see, that after that I didn't know what I was doing.

It was just a wild minute of jarring, jolting blows bouncing off my head and a crazy feeling of joy each time my punches dug into his body, because I could feel the impact way up to my shoulder. Then he was a crumpled gasping hulk, sinking slowly, and I threw everything I had into a left hook to his chin, and reeled to a neutral corner, and after that everything seemed to get all mixed up.

They counted Joe out, and the terrific roar of the crowd must have made me dizzier as the announcer said I was the new champion, because I thought I saw Art hurrying up the aisle as fast as he could without running. And starting up the same aisle I was almost sure I saw the sharp-eyed man who had asked Art how much he had bet. Then Art's wife, Dixie, started up the aisle too. And like from nowhere, came big Mike, the fellow that looked like a district leader, and he was going up that aisle too, all of them some distance apart. But I might have imagined the whole thing because I'd taken so many punches around the head that I was kind of in a daze just then.

Anyway, Art wasn't in my corner, and I never saw him after that. Because they found him the next morning in an alley near our hotel. He had a bullet in his brain, and, gee whiz, somehow I didn't want to see him like that. I guess they'll never find out exactly who did it. The cops said that Art had made lots of enemies. At first they thought it was suicide, because Art had a gun in the hand that was resting on a can full of rubbish when they found him slumped over another half-filled can with his head buried in it, and the gun had been fired once.

But the gun expert said that couldn't be, because Art's gun was kind of special and was loaded with something like dumdum bullets, I think he said, while the bullet that had been removed from Art's brain was all steel-jacketed; and it had the funniest marks on it he ever saw, he said—two tiny indentations, probably put there for some reason on purpose, that looked like plus signs and might mean double-cross, he said.

THE END

GOOD BOOKS

By OLIVER SWIFT

★ ★ ★ **THE GARDEN ENCYCLOPEDIA** edited by E. L. D. Seymour. William H. Wise & Co.
A real gardener's dictionary prepared to answer all the odd questions of the gentle tiller of the soil.

★ ★ ★ **MONOGRAM** by G. B. Stern. The Macmillan Company.
Delightful rumblings by the gifted author of Matriarch, The Dark Gentleman, and other novels of distinction. Included are the author's opinions and observations on such various topics as snobbishness, Jane Austen, Shakespearean dedications, taste in pictures, air raids, the Elsie books, dogs, and dozens of other topics treated with charm and intelligence.

★ ★ ★ **THE BALCONY** by Adrian Bell. Simon & Schuster.
A small boy's impressions of the world from the balcony of his London home; an enchanting atmosphere of childhood written with beauty of style.

★ ★ ½ **RAIN ON THE JUST** by Kathleen Morehouse. Lee Furman, Inc.
A simple, colorful story of people who take the harsh exigencies of mountain life in their stride—and who yet have time occasionally for real love.

★ ★ ½ **HENRY HARMON SPALDING: PIONEER OF OLD OREGON** by Clifford Merrill Drury. The Caxton Printers, Ltd.
The biography of a courageous pioneer missionary—profusely illustrated, documented, and annotated. An interesting story of the man and his work.

★ ★ ½ **SPARKENBROKE** by Charles Morgan. The Macmillan Company.
This highly introspective story of a poet who loved death is rich in philosophy and scholarly beauty—if not in action.

★ ★ **HOW TO RUN A BASSOON FACTORY or BUSINESS EXPLAINED** by Mark Spade. Houghton Mifflin Company.
Rather funny and gently ironical analysis of modern business methods. A reprint largely of articles which previously appeared in Punch. Amusing and not too subtle.

Marriage, Mirth, Menace

The Films Present Cinderella Again, a Riot of Dizzy Squabbles, and an Eloquent Tale of Love Amid the Perils of War

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

4 stars—Extraordinary 3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good 1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor

★ ★ ★ SMALL TOWN GIRL

THE PLAYERS: Janet Gaynor, Robert Taylor, Binnie Barnes, Andy Devine, Frank Craven, Lewis Stone, Elizabeth Patterson, James Stewart, Douglas Fowley, Isabel Jewell, Charley Grapewin, Nella Walker. Directed by William Wellman. Story by Ben Ames Williams.

SMALL TOWN GIRL is a shining example of what Hollywood can contrive from practically nothing. Taken from the Ben Ames Williams story, the picture retells the Cinderella tale without the slightest variation on the original theme. But so smartly is it constructed, so amiable are playing and dialogue, that the old situations take on a sprightly freshness that compensates for their lack of novelty.

Studded with excellently done minor parts, the picture has cuddlesome Janet Gaynor as the village belle (poor) whose bucolic charms attract the roving eye of Robert Taylor (rich). The romantic meeting takes place after a football game which has left Mr. Taylor in such an alcoholic haze that he insists Miss Gaynor accompany him on a tour of roadhouses. When the fog clears in the morning, Taylor awakens to find himself with a hang-over and a bride.

From there on Small Town Girl moves pleasantly and smoothly along its timeworn course. The marriage is, as they say, a marriage in name only; a loveless union that must not be broken, as a quick divorce would wreck Taylor's budding medical career. For six months they agree to live together, their platonic bliss hampered a bit by Taylor's yen for an ex-fiancée, cattily played by Binnie Barnes.

While it is true that Small Town Girl works out in a way that will surprise no one, it is also true that Director William Wellman and the scenarists have injected enough playfully sharp incidents to keep the piece lively and entertaining. Both Taylor and the piquant Miss Gaynor emerge with somewhat more than satisfactory performances, but it is in the smaller roles that Small Town Girl hits its gayest notes. James Stewart is superb as the abandoned suitor. Andy Devine, Elizabeth Patterson, Frank Craven, and Isabel Jewell—who symbolize the restricted rural life that Miss Gaynor hates—give deftly humorous portrayals that audiences will like.

Janet Gaynor and Robert Taylor in a scene from Small Town Girl.

VITAL STATISTICS: This is Taylor's third doctor role, and he can't stand the sight of blood, although he can do an operation from *a* to *z*, provided there's a director handy. He was traded to Fox for Loretta Young, and now will commute from M-G-M to Fox to do a picture with her. In a few months he will have screen-necked every lady star in the business and received up to $2,000 a week at the end of a year for his handsomeness. He's a nice fellow. . . . Much location fun on this, location being Monterey, up to no'th'n Cal. Director Wellman is a great guy for gags, unusual in the Gaynor experience. Janet goes in for dignity on the set. After every scene Wellman would kid Gaynor, seizing his chest in one hand emotionally, extending the other hand skyward, and declaiming dramatically: "Ah, Gaynor, Gaynor, that does something to me!" Cast revenge came when Wellman sailed for Honolulu vacation, night of preview. During preview they radioed Wellman every fifteen minutes: "Audience clamoring for director—with ropes!" . . . The seals at Monterey shouted so loudly—they bark, folks—for parts in the picture, live-bait boats were needed to lure them out to sea. . . . Agnes Ayres was to have made screen comeback in this, but when assembled picture was found too long. They cut poor Agnes out entirely. She now lies grief-stricken on the cutting-room floor with nothing but her money gains to console her.

★ ★ ★ THE MOON'S OUR HOME

THE PLAYERS: Margaret Sullavan, Henry Fonda, Charles Butterworth, Beulah Bondi, Walter Brennan, Henrietta Crosman, Dorothy Stickney, Margaret Hamilton, Lucien Littlefield, Brandon Hurst, Spencer Charters. Directed by William Seiter. Story by Faith Baldwin.

LIKE Small Town Girl, The Moon's Our Home is concerned with only the tried and true theatric situations. And, as with the Janet Gaynor show, this amusing farce relies on dialogue, playing, and direction rather than any startling plot innovations. Because it gets all of these things tastefully blended, the film becomes an ingratiating and energetic bit of horseplay.

The Moon's Our Home shows what happens when a pampered movie star marries an equally pampered writer-explorer. Since the volatile Margaret Sullavan is the temperamental actress and her ex-spouse, lank Henry Fonda, is the writer, one can be sure that these portraits do not lack the necessary fireworks. The film is a prolonged series of mirthful squabbles, which the stars carry on with a great deal of exuberance right up through the wedding ceremony.

Taken from the Faith Baldwin

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EYE-GENE

pastry, the story is built around a situation that has seldom failed to evoke laughter. In The Moon's Our Home, Henry Fonda doesn't know that his bride is really Cherry Chester, the movie light. Nor does she suspect that her pugilistic husband is Anthony Amberton, the women's clubs' delight.

With this as a springboard, the film soars to dizzy heights. Added to the rough-and-tumble battles of the newlyweds is the droll Charles Butterworth, thrown into the story as a mild menace much like a lamb tossed to the lions.

Played with a breathless gusto throughout, the film should teach young couples many new punches and holds. But more than that, The Moon's Our Home will supply a full evening of bouncing entertainment. And that's all it set out to do. Charlie Butterworth, Beulah Bondi, and Margaret Hamilton take full care of the supporting roles. We think, however, that you'll be more interested and charmed by the seven-reel scrap of Kid Margaret Sullavan *vs.* Battling Henry Fonda.

VITAL STATISTICS: Spelled by the summer moon over their stock company, Margaret Sullavan and Henry Fonda married while very young. Two years ago the moon ceased being their home and they divorced in cold blood, the idea being that no two temperamental artists can live together. Three months ago Milord Walter Wanger, either showman or malicious caster, threw them together in this Faith Baldwinner. Undoubtedly emotion seethed beneath the ex-mates' pufformances in this, but each has definitely said they will keep away from moving back into Her Lunar Majesty's realm again. (Now I suppose they'll cross me up and cost me my job by trying it again!) . . . While shooting last scene in picture, Fonda stumbled over a lamp while carrying Margaret out of the scene, and injured his leg so badly he went into a cast for a week. Four days later Margaret fell and broke her arm. . . . That's real snow cast in the part of the snow sequences—Truckee, California, snow. . . . If Sullavan looks pretty wild and dashing when socializing offscreen, she rarely touches the Hollywood game-and-fame spots, preferring to lose herself among her twenty-one dogs, her books, her swimming, her cooking. She's of social Suthin stock, you know, and has had her fling at deb, subdeb, and sub-sub-deb doings. She's rather novel to Hollywood in that she has instantaneous perception, learns and does her stuff lightning fast without effort. In fact, she's an actress. . . . That quizzical face at all Hollywood first nights, from the opening of a new market to Stokowski's bringing Bach to Hollywood culture, is Charlie Butterworth's. That hand he's holding unashamedly is his wife's. On lots you never see him smile. He has a pan that's deader than Hamlet's, so intent is he at his work. . . . Milord Wanger will move plot and cameras over to United Artists plant, where he will either become an artist or remain a producer. He's hard to figure, that Wanger.

★★½ TILL WE MEET AGAIN

THE PLAYERS: Herbert Marshall, Gertrude Michael, Lionel Atwill, Rod La Rocque, Guy Bates Post, Spencer Charters, Frank Reicher, Egon Brecher, Torben Meyer, Colin Tapley, Vallejo Gantner. Directed by Robert Florey. From the play by Alfred Davis.

AS if to make up for the frivolity of The Moon's Our Home and Small Town Girl, Till We Meet Again is doubly somber in its stark account of World War spies in love. Played with a deadly seriousness and utterly without humor, this well photographed play has Herbert Marshall as an English matinee idol engaged to Gertrude Michael, a Viennese expatriate.

Their romance is just beginning to get under way when the war, just as it boomed into a great many things, booms into the script. Torn apart by their loyalties to their homelands and separated by fifty million fighting Frenchmen, the lovers manage to meet behind the lines when Mr. Marshall is sent to Germany as a spy.

From there on, Till We Meet Again is a tersely eloquent and somewhat pretentious display of restrained emotional turmoil. Not even Lionel Atwill as a German secret service agent, all the armies, nor geography can quite prevent Miss Michael and Mr. Marshall from the consummation of their true love. Though the film is never fully as vital as the actors would like to have you believe, it does have sequences of excitement and occasional moving moments. Herbert Marshall is satisfactory as the actor-spy; and Gertrude Michael, Rod La Rocque, and Lionel Atwill turn in competent help.

Still, Till We Meet Again would be much more believable if any one of the cast relaxed a bit. The picture insists that the reunion of an English actor and his Austrian sweetheart was the greatest single outcome of the international struggle.

VITAL STATISTICS: Rod La Rocque and Vilma Banky were married in 1926 at their tops, the publicity echoing among the heavens. Sam Goldwyn threw a party at which prop food was mingled with real to make it look that much more Hollywood. Despite the hokum and their subsequent fall from stardom, the La Rocques have stuck it with nary a tiff for ten years, and want you to know it's forever. Score one for love! Rod works occasionally to keep his hand in; Vilma golfs and keeps house; stays out of studios; there aren't children. . . . The Marshall-Swanson thing has become accepted fact and old stuff for the fan maggies. Herbert's finally getting solo stardom. Director Florey (ex-art feller) admits he has the most seductive voice in pictures. He never does the niteries, but is said to be the kind of man who has bread and beans and *foie gras* in his cupboard. Bart's chief drawback to stardom is his quietness, his utter perfection as an actor, his reluctance to push himself. But then, Ronald Colman, handicapped somewhat similarly, did it, so maybe Bart will too. . . . First really big role for Gertrude Michael, musician and ex-radio-station operator. . . . Lionel Atwill is monocle-crazy. It stays on in pictures; at home falls in the soup. He insists on never being billed worse than third. Insists he's a strong, not yellow villain; difference being, a strong villain menaces for a cause, while a yellow villain's just a rat. He gets respect; rats get fan dislike. . . . Guy Bates Post and Helen Twelvetrees are no longer being cast in waggish dog pictures.

★½ THE SKY PARADE

THE PLAYERS: Jimmy Allen, William Gargan, Katherine De Mille, Kent Taylor, Grant Withers, Sid Saylor, Robert Fiske, Edgar Dearing. Directed by Otho Lovering. Story by Robert M. Burtt and Willfred G. Moore.

THE SKY PARADE marks the cinema debut of Jimmy Allen, the daring young man on the flying plane, whose exploits have been popularized in radio and the newspapers. While the picture is, on the whole, quite dull and often downright silly to adults, it should please the air-minded boys for whom it is designed.

Played down for immature mentalities, the film traces the growth of aviation from the war to the present. Allen, a worker in a robot-plane factory, does not appear until the picture is half over, and his acting does little to imbue the doings with life. Assisting him are such screen regulars as Katherine De Mille, William Gargan, Grant Withers, and Kent Taylor, who help to make The Sky Parade a slightly educational and primitively stirring page of aviation history for the kindergarten class.

VITAL STATISTICS: Jimmy Allen's eighteen, Chicago born, with a mother who once played opposite suchies as Frank Morgan, Frank Keenan, Frank Craven. He's been in radio eight years. Got started suddenly while sitting in Station WBBM reception room, his mother giving a dramatic rendering inside. Some one rushed out needing a youngster, and picked Jimmy, he being the only kid around. Got picked for Jimmy Allen part from twenty-five competitors, because he sounded in audition like the author's conception. Was so well liked, name of program was rechristened after him. Jimmy can really fly. He's naïve, likable, wouldn't think of smoking, is everything a Rover Boy should be. . . . Will Gargan found the air safer after an auto accident on way to location and a badly sprained ankle received during a fight on location.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Country Doctor, These Three, The Trail of the Lonesome Pine, Captain Blood, Mutiny on the Bounty, Thanks a Million.

★★★—Mr. Deeds Goes to Town, Sutter's Gold, Captain January, Petticoat Fever, Too Many Parents, Everybody's Old Man, Screen Snapshots, Little Lord Fauntleroy, Love Before Breakfast, Three Little Wolves, Follow the Fleet, The Prisoner of Shark Island, Gentle Julia, Wife Versus Secretary, Modern Times, It Had to Happen, The Voice of Bugle Ann, Next Time We Love, The Milky Way, Anything Goes, Rose Marie, The Petrified Forest, Magnificent Obsession, Ceiling Zero, Professional Soldier, The King of Burlesque, Chatterbox, The Bride Comes Home, If You Could Only Cook, Whipsaw, Another Face, Last of the Pagans, A Tale of Two Cities, I Dream Too Much, The Story of Louis Pasteur, The Littlest Rebel, Mary Burns Fugitive, Crime and Punishment, So Red the Rose, Rendezvous, Annie Oakley, Transatlantic Tunnel, Frisco Kid, A Night at the Opera, Metropolitan, Hands Across the Table.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 27

1—John Barrymore.

2—Because they are in the Pacific Ocean, formerly known as the Sea of the South.

3—Old Age Revolving Pensions, Limited, Dr. Townsend's organization.

4—Asparagus.

5—Blakely Coughlin, son of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Coughlin, who was snatched from their home near Norristown, Pa.

6—It is considered so by the natives of the East Indies, being a butter made from coagulated milk.

7—The coronation is not scheduled to take place until May, 1937.

8—Noah: Genesis 5: 32—"And Noah was five hundred years old: and Noah begat Shem, Ham, and Japheth."

9—The White House.

10—Ten million (all Indians).

11—In 1689 and 1690, by James II during his attempts to regain his lost kingdom. Another source of gun money was brass cannon.

12—The temple of Diana at Ephesus.

13—Narcissus; Venus caused him to fall in love with his reflection from a fountain's waters, and he pined away until changed into a flower.

14—The tapir.

15—The Melting Pot.

16—Three hundred and forty days.

17—All three.

18—Gracie Allen.

19—The roller.

20—N Webster

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LIBERTY'S *Amateur* WRITERS PAGE

CONDUCTED by MAJOR BOWES

MAJOR BOWES

GREETINGS, amateur family.

Until this page was started, I did not fully realize how many people there are who sincerely want to write. I knew of the thousands who aspire to stage careers, to singing and dancing, and now I know that they have their counterpart in those whose ambition it is to appear on the printed page.

By the hundreds and thousands your contributions pour in. They come from grandmothers, schoolboys, housewives, lawyers. They vary in their technical ability, in their choice of material—but they have one thing in common: the secret desire to write or sketch.

Not all will make the grade. Not all have made this page. But I salute all of you who have tried.

Major Edward Bowes.

A merry little verse of resignation by Audrey Kelley of Uniontown, Pennsylvania:

TEARS

Betty shed a silv'ry tear
And got a diamond lavaliere.
June let out a plaintive sob,
And thus pulled down a movie job.
Oh, dear, oh, dear, please tell me why
I screw my face up when I cry.

Some timely advice from Casey Carey of Chicago, Illinois:

Advice to Hollywood-bound young men: Go yes, young man, go yes.

Alfred Isler of Detroit, Michigan, sent in many contributions. I have chosen the one below as one of the outstanding.

"O. K., boss, I'll never do any smoking around here any more."

The crime theme lends itself very well to storiettes, probably because mystery, excitement, and suspense can be compounded into the smallest amount of words. Not Perfect—a story of this type—is submitted as an entry by Ralph H. Butz of Allentown, Pennsylvania.

NOT PERFECT

Detective Cassidy sauntered up to the two men at the bar. "Thought you were out of town, Rogers," he said.

Rogers smiled. "Just returned last night. Met Jim Eppers, here, on the train. Remember Jim?"

"Oh, yes," said Cassidy, shaking hands with Eppers. "You left town about five years ago, after your partner was murdered."

"Right. I just got back," returned Eppers. "Did you find any clues to the murder after I left?"

"Nothing that we could follow through," admitted the detective. Rogers ordered highballs, and soon the three men were chatting about the *cause célèbre* of five years ago.

"Looks like the perfect crime, at last," Rogers said.

"If there is such a thing," replied Cassidy, "but I don't think there is."

Rogers laughed and slapped Cassidy on the back.

"It's just a matter of persistence. Give me time enough and I'll get the man, all right," Cassidy retorted.

"You scoff at the possibility of a perfect crime, Cassidy," Rogers was saying, "but this murder fills the bill. Now, let's see, how was Felber killed?"

"Stabbed in the neck."

"With a hunting knife," continued Eppers.

"Which brings us right back where we were," said Cassidy, throwing a bill on the bar. "Let's have a drink."

As the bartender served the three drinks, Cassidy snapped his fingers and exclaimed, "I almost forgot to report to the chief! Have to let him know where I am." He walked to the telephone booth. A minute later he returned to the bar and joined his companions in more drinks and general congenial discussion.

Presently two plain-clothes men entered at the rear door and came up in back of Eppers, pinned his arms, and slipped handcuffs over his wrists.

"What's this—a cop's idea of a joke?" growled Eppers.

"The chief wants to see you," replied Cassidy.

Eppers raised such a fuss that the officers had to drag him out. Cassidy grinned at Rogers, who looked stunned. "Just another perfect crime gone flooey."

"You mean Eppers did it? Why did you wait five years to arrest him?"

"Suspicion isn't evidence," said Cassidy. "I just got it now, when he explained how he did it."

"Not now, he didn't," protested Rogers. "I heard every word."

"Sure he did. When I said Felber was stabbed, I didn't say what he was stabbed with. We didn't know. Nobody but the murderer knew. Eppers said it was a hunting knife."

This catchy little verse is from Louis DuBois of Dayton, Ohio, who is certain Omar Khayyám wouldn't mind:

HEART'S DESIRE

A springtime breeze,
A piece of cheese
Between two slabs of bread;
A fishing pole,
A likely hole,
The green leaves overhead.
And we'd forget
Already yet
The things that make us blue—
The bills for spuds
And coal and duds—
And maybe catch a shoe!

Jack Fairey of Atlanta, Georgia, picks on the kindly Scotch for his joke:

"He sure is dumb."

"I'll say. He even thinks a Highland fling is a Scotchman stepping out with a blonde!"

"For some time I have been setting down verses which come to me while doing the routine of housework," is an excerpt from the letter which accompanies this contribution from Mrs. Elsie V. Story of San Anselmo, California. It has beauty, power, and imagination. A fine piece indeed!

STRENGTH

Oh, weary am I of this gaunt gray land
And the ceaseless ebb and flow
Of the hungry sea as it surges in
To crash on the rocks below;

Of the blinding fogs and the cutting winds,
And the bleached contorted tree
Gripping the soil with its knotted roots,
In its stubborn will to be.

For I was bred in a kinder land,
And felt myself as one
With the rich black earth and the slanting rain
And the fierce compelling sun.

But my man is here, and the sea he loves
Is linked with his love for me;
So I bide me here with the rocks and tides
And the brave old twisted tree.

A cartoon that is exceedingly humorous. M. B. Schenck of Flint, Michigan, is the contributor.

"Naw, B! B, yer sap, like in Beethoven, Bach, an' bullet."

A bit of philosophy that is apropos for all of us. Credit A. L. Handler with it. He is from Miami, Florida.

Prosperity may not be around the corner but his cousin, Better Times, has been a-callin'.

And now we come to Lilian E. Gray of Long Beach, California. Her entry reveals real talent and I hope this will encourage her to continue writing.

ALL IN A DAY'S WORK

Richard Cutler strolled nonchalantly up to his machine, parked waiting for him, and hopped in.

He signaled to the tall person waving at him from a distance, and gave it the gas.

His conscience was bothering him. As wives go, Anne rated high, but she was stubborn and liked her own way. Take the evening before as an example. They had been reading peacefully when suddenly Anne had said:

"Well, big boy, I've come to the conclusion that you and I are going to attempt a nice well earned rest in the mountains next month. How about it?"

"But, Anne," he had said, "next month is the busiest time of the season for me. You know that. Anyway, what do I need a rest for?"

She had looked at him in that worldly-wise fashion of hers and had remarked in a rather tired voice:

"Perhaps you don't know it, darling, but this—this hectic life is getting me down. Perhaps you haven't any nerves, but I have, and I want one whole month of relaxation—no worry—no anything but just us two—together."

Richard did something with his feet and hands and shivered slightly. The wind was blowing quite a bit and the cold was penetrating. Then he was back with Anne in thought.

"Now, look here, Anne. You wait until the end of the season and we'll—"

"Nothing doing, Dicky. It's next month or not at all, as far as I'm concerned. If I had any sense I'd make you give it up altogether. Then perhaps we could live like two normal people."

Suddenly he swore softly.

"I'll have to watch *that* more carefully. I nearly went haywire that time."

For the next few minutes he was too busy to think, but as things righted themselves, he mused:

"I wonder what she meant by 'normal people.' I'm making good money; she has everything she wants. Oh, well, after all, she is a darn good little wife." He remembered how blue her eyes had looked—and how serious, and sighed.

"Perhaps I should take time out for that month with her. She *has* been looking rather strained lately. As soon as I'm through here I'll call her up and tell her so."

With that settled, he gave his whole mind to a safe landing. As he taxied along, he was greeted by the flutter of thousands of white handkerchiefs from the grandstand.

For he was Richard Cutler—stunt flyer de luxe, and he had just completed his usual series of breath-taking loops, thrilling dives, and dangerous upside-down flying that was to him all in a day's work.

A cleverly sketched cartoon comes next, with an exhilarating dash of the comic. Very good, D. L. Scherer. Chicago will be proud of you.

"Now we can hear him at night when he falls out of his bed."

PRIZE WINNERS, MARCH 28

Frank Searcy, Philadelphia, Pa., led the voting for March 28, and receives $25 for his cartoon, "So What?" To R. L. Dryer, Seattle, Wash., another cartoonist, goes the second prize of $10 for The Money Goes 'Round and Around. Third prizes of $5 each are awarded to Julian Stanley, Evanston, Ill.; Mrs. Alexia J. Rosbrook, New York, N. Y., PWA worker; and May Haas Shaub, Lancaster, Pa.

HONORABLE MENTION

This week's honorable mentions go to Mrs. Esther Hauptman, Brooklyn, N. Y., for her drawing; to John Bland, Palm Beach, Fla.; M. F. Doner, Seattle, Wash.; Helen H. Howe, Sioux Falls, S. D.; Isaac L. Bennett, Franklin, W. Va.; and George E. Bolton, Bellaire, N. Y., for short stories; and to M. F. Merithew, Jackson, Mich.; Dorothy Wonders, Toledo, Ohio; W. K. Starr, Williamstown, Mass.; Eleanor Malek, Grand Rapids, Mich.; and Jude Thaddeus, Richmond, Calif., for poems.

RULES

CONTESTANTS: Only bona fide amateurs are eligible to submit material. Amateurs can send in short stories, verses, quips, epigrams, jingles, bright sayings, jokes, snapshots, drawings, cartoons—anything.

Send material to:

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Major Edward Bowes, Editor,
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ADDITIONAL AWARDS BY READERS' VOTES: A first prize of $25 will be paid for the contribution on this page which receives the greatest number of votes; $10 will be paid for the item with the next highest total of votes; and $5 each for the contributions receiving the three next highest totals. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid. To be counted, your ballot must be postmarked on or before the date on the cover of this issue.

Send votes by note or post card to Liberty's Amateur Page, Major Edward Bowes, Editor, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

As we stood up, Lenhai gave one glance at me and roared like an enraged bull. The whole party was on its feet.

COMPANY OF THE DAMNED

PART SEVEN—CONCLUSION

WHAT followed is not easy to describe. I know that about a dozen of us dropped our tools and dashed for the rendezvous. Whistles blew, guards were rushing up, rifles cracked, bullets spat around us. I reached the fringe of trees with my legs in ribbons from scrambling over the sharp rocks. We had no idea that so many prisoners were to make the attempt. Looking back on the incident, I realize now that it was the numbers that saved us. A bunch of prisoners had followed us and thus covered our getaway. Most of them were winged and brought down.

I ran with the yelps and snarls of wounded men in my ears. Even when we had left the patch of wood and the darkness was closing about us we kept on and on. I was conscious only of some native laboring alongside me, and that we were behind the others, for the dull sounds of sandal-covered feet came down to me on the wind. I would run until I dropped, for I must catch up with them. That was the urge which kept me going for longer than I thought it possible for any man to run.

Then those sounds of feet ahead stopped abruptly. The man at my side pitched headlong into the dirt and lay there. I stumbled on a few paces, became conscious that the world about me was deathly still. I dropped in my tracks exhausted.

It was broad daylight when I awoke. I was *inside* a breastwork of boulders. I'd been dragged here, so I afterward learned. Here were the khan and another Afridi, Binns, and—by the living powers!—my orderly, Eater of Women! It seemed he was the rascal who had been running at my side. He had been sent by the colonel to wait in hiding for us. He had waited three days. I could have hugged his grinning pan!

It was then, too, that I learned of the strange hallucination that had spurred me in that desperate bid for freedom. Those footsteps which urged me on all the time had been behind me, not in front! It was I who had set the pace until I had dropped.

Eater of Women had his instructions. It took me a few seconds only to tumble to the fact that he was

addressing me as Syad and Binns as Ali, and was conversing with the khan as one good Moslem to another, explaining that he had met us in Peshawar, where we had done him a great service. He had waited many days for us in the hope that we should one day escape. Also, most important of all, he had brought food.

It was a strange quintet that sat down for breakfast. These two Afridis were presently to start on the trek for the secret fastness of the Mad Fakir. They were to lead us thither—as true sons of the faith anxious to help in this mighty effort that was to overthrow the British Raj. Interesting, to say the least! Lenhai knew Binns and myself so well that he couldn't possibly fail to recognize us!

I wondered greatly just what the immediate future held for us. Doubtless Eater of Women had brought instructions which he would deliver when he could. Meantime there were food and water and blessed freedom to be enjoyed, the spice of further adventures to be savored, and one would not have cared if it snowed.

Our own scheme was to lie under cover until the late afternoon and then travel by night. Not a sound of any kind disturbed us during that peaceful day. Binns and I knew we must not attempt to speak to each other in English. Not that we were afraid of the khan and his brother Afridi. We were three to two if it came to a showdown. But a slip now would ruin everything.

Only the Mad Fakir's voice could be heard clearly. He was doing all the talking. "So what?" growled Binns.

THE MAD FAKIR GIVES BATTLE—AND THE BRITISH LION SPRINGS . . . SO ENDS A VIVID CHRONICLE OF THE "HUNTED MEN'S MILITIA" IN INDIA

by

CAPT. W. J. BLACKLEDGE

ILLUSTRATION BY WALTER M. BAUMHOFER

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

The khan was happy at his release, enthusiastic about the journey to a place he had not as yet mentioned by name. We wished to keep him happy. The slightest shade of an unguarded expression . . .

We were impatient to be off and did not wait for the setting of the sun. The khan and his compatriot led the way. We fell behind. This was my orderly's opportunity to deliver his instructions.

The company was already out. We were at that moment being watched. We were to continue the whole way with the khan until within sight of the stronghold of Lenhai. Then the fun would begin—for us! Meantime Militia scouts would keep on our heels and would keep the company informed as to the direction we were taking.

Neither Binns nor I had any idea then that all this was but part of a far-reaching scheme of military operations, in which regiments of regulars were to take part. These are things one learns afterward. Hunted Men's Militia was merely the advance guard—just a force of levies being used to point the direction for a strategic advance upon the troublesome Fakir and his boy emperor; a "demonstration" that was to smash him and his force of rebels once and for all.

We traveled all night and by early morning reached a village where we were fed and regaled as if we had returned from great victories. We rested a while but were on our way again before the noon hour. That day of trekking was memorable. We passed many a charred and burnt-out village, and were received at others by salaaming chieftains, who all talked of the hour that was near. This khan of the Zakka Khel was clearly a person to be reckoned with in the Free Land of the Hills. He was welcomed like a long-lost brother everywhere.

Thereafter a triumphant procession from village to village as, in the following two days, we advanced farther and farther into the country of the Mohmand. As the trek went on one could only hope that the scouts had indeed marked the direction of our going, for now we were in the very heart of the hostile area.

It was drawing near to dusk when we came within sight of our objective. We had topped a rise and halted at the vista before us—a vast panorama of hill and dale, a wide expanse of broken country, towering mountain crags, valleys so deep that an army might hide within any one of a score of them. And away in the middle distance, nestling in the mountainside, the stark walls of a village, the watchtowers, the fort. And, yes! God in heaven! It was *the* village!—the lost village of the Hills from which I had twice escaped, the second time with Barney Binns! This, then, was the secret lair of the great Lenhai. Here a great army was being massed for the holy crusade.

We sat down and stared at the scene before us. It was significant that the khan and his brother Afridi sat apart from us; even more significant perhaps that they were discussing the situation in undertones. Binns and I exchanged glances. Eater of Women sat waiting for his cue. Had the moment for action arrived? Should we set upon these Afridis, truss them up, and leave them for the scouts to attend to—now we had got all we wanted? Those were our instructions, anyway.

WHEN the khan decided that we should sleep the night where we were and start out again at dawn to cover the last few miles, we let it go at that. There would be time enough before dawn to attend to them—then we could signal to the scouts that all was ready. Meantime a few hours' rest was indicated. We should need all our reserve of energy on the morrow.

That decision was all wrong. We spent the night in fitful dozing. Before dawn we were surrounded by a crowd of tribesmen, armed to the teeth. They welcomed us like Moslem brothers—hugged and embraced us. They were Lenhai's men, a scouting party sent out to meet us, for the news of the khan's coming had traveled from village to village and so reached the rebel leader.

There must have been about fifty men in the party. The tables had been turned upon us. All hope of taking the two Afridis prisoners must now be abandoned. We must continue to play our part, proceed with them to that cursed village over there—where we should be presented with all pomp and ceremony to the Mad Fakir! It was impossible to break away. They were too many for us. Any attempt on our part to sneak away would have aroused their suspicions at once.

So we went, like lambs to the slaughter, surrounded by the excited tribesmen. Binns and I dared not speak to each other in English. We had to do some swift thinking then. There must be a way out of even this predicament. But how? What way?

At daybreak we had another shock. We saw Lenhai's great army moving out from somewhere beyond the village. They seemed to pour out of the mountains, thousands of them, columns and columns marching through the valleys, crawling around the hills, massing in all directions, a gigantic army advancing to battle! The sight was amazingly impressive. This could only mean one thing. The rebel spies had learned of the approach of troops into the Mohmand country. They were advancing to meet them. And here we were, between the two armies! And there was not a thing we could do about it!

To bolt, rush toward our own forces, would have been suicide. All we could have hoped for was a bullet in the back. That would have served no purpose whatever.

We went forward with the party, listening with sinking hearts to their excited chatter about the wonderful army of united tribesmen now advancing toward us. A nerve-racking trek! We descended into a gully and met one of the columns—a great body of giant Hillmen, laughing, yelling, chanting war songs, firing their rifles in the air, thirsting for battle, lusting for the blood of the infidels. They really believed they would sweep all before them and descend upon India for the final overthrow of the British Raj—even though many of them had never been to India in their lives!

THESE giants of men were positively childish in their emotions. They had been swayed by the insane rantings of the Mad Fakir. They were being led by a boy of nine or ten years! Such mentality is not easy for the Westerner to appreciate. But these clansmen are totally different from any other people on earth. Their lives for many generations have been made up of blood feuds. They are born fighters and born to fight. When one recalls that their territory is about eight hundred miles in extent, a vast mountainous land with Chinese Turkestan in the north, Baluchistan in the south, Afghanistan to the west, and India to the east, that it contains nearly a hundred different clans or tribes, and that each of these includes several thousands of souls, it will be seen that the blood feud is a very deep-seated code in their lives.

What Lenhai had done was to unite a number of the clans in one great blood feud against the infidels who had invaded their country.

Now it appeared the moment had come. The holy war had begun. We were caught in the very heart and center of it. In the few short months that Binns and I had adventured together in this Free Land of the Hills we had found ourselves in one or two awkward situations. This one was different. I confess to having been without hope. It looked like the end to me.

That village was more than a mystery. How on earth had all these thousands of men camped within its walls? We soon knew the secret. We passed into the village once more. It was alive with armed men, abustle with preparations for battle. But we did not stay. We passed through and out of a gateway behind the towering fort. It led us to a broken roadway that suddenly opened upon a wide valley, a great cleft in the mountainside cunningly concealed by the village. Beyond, snug in the hillside, was a battlemented castle cut into the rock façade, a great eyrie formidably fortified.

Our appearance was the signal for a bellowing roar. They were cheering our arrival! The road wound up to the first terrace. There we were met by some of the chieftains. More shouts of welcome. More embarrassing salaams. Had we not come all the way from Damascus to take part in this wonderful revolution of a Moslem people? We should see how the men of High Asia drove the invaders from their land, and then we could return to our Moslem brothers of Arabia and tell of the mighty deeds!

But first we must feast. Breakfast was prepared in a magnificently pillared and vaulted audience hall. Even as we sat down our eyes roved apprehensively. Where was Lenhai? Nabi? Mahrila? Meanwhile there was roasted lamb stuffed with dates and cloves and other spices, fried bread that was hot and delicious, chickens covered with rice, highly spiced meat balls, nuts, raisins, fruit. Into this we must dip our fingers, displaying a gargantuan appetite, making much noise to show our appreciation.

I never felt less like eating in my life!

Then the fireworks! In walked his lordship Lenhai,

followed by Nabi and Mahrila. We rose and salaamed. With a wave of the hand he bade us be seated, and one of the chieftains led him to the Khan of the Zakka Khel. More ceremonious salaaming.

"The peace of Allah be with thee!"

"And with thee the mighty Allah's peace!"

Then it came our turn. We stood up. Lenhai gave one glance at me and roared like an enraged bull. Mahrila screamed with laughter. Yes; perhaps there was a humorous side to this blasted situation, but perhaps I should be pardoned for not being able to see it. The whole party was on its feet. Only the Mad Fakir's voice could be heard clearly. He was doing all the talking. There was nothing for Binns or me to say. His lordship covered the whole picture. Quite!

"So what?" growled my companion, utterly fed with the circus, as we were seized and dragged away.

We had seen the mysterious Nabi on two occasions before. During our incarceration which followed that interrupted feast we saw him again, this time at close quarters, when armed guards brought him to look at us.

He was a slight, delicate child with a beautiful, even angelic, face. His hair was jet-black and glistening with scented oils. He turned his huge black eyes upon us; one needed no imagination to appreciate the curious mesmeric power of those wonderful eyes and their effect upon these wild Hillmen. And I could not help thinking of the eyes of Lenhai, with their uncanny concentration of bestiality, and those of Mahrila, which seemed always to be brooding within their smoldering depths.

I DO not pretend to know the facts regarding the parentage of this remarkable child Nabi. I know what I saw in that house. I know that the eyes of these three all held, in their own peculiar way, that same magic, the same suggestion of mesmeric power. When that child's eyes looked into mine I shivered involuntarily, and I am not easily moved by this sort of thing.

One sharp glance from him was enough to make any of those swarthy giants cringe. His influence over them was absolute. They believed that the very hairs of his head were from the beard of the Prophet! Moreover, he was Lenhai's mouthpiece, and that explains much of the Mad Fakir's power.

And yet it seemed incredible that so frail a child should be able to sway these multitudes, that these tribesmen should believe him their hereditary emperor, the ruler of the coming Moslem empire.

We were permitted to see a great deal. It amused the red-bearded one to have us roped to a pillar on the highest terrace of his fort so that we might witness his great triumph, his vanquishing of the cursed invaders. We certainly had a first-class view of that military engagement which brought British and Indian troops into the Mohmand country as a punitive expedition for the first time in nearly a quarter of a century.

All the world knows now that three brigades went into action, and that for the first time in the history of the British occupation of India tanks and armored cars were used. In addition there were three squadrons of the Royal Air Force and a field brigade of artillery with mountain batteries.

Obviously this was no skirmish of the guerrilla-warfare type. The menace had been recognized for what it was and a determined effort made to stamp it out. And we were in the unenviable position of being compulsory spectators. From our vantage ground we had a panoramic view of the gaunt peaks and straggling valleys of the countryside for many miles around.

WE saw the advance of the two great forces toward each other. From the one side, rebels were swarming over the hills like flies; from the other, British and Indian troops were scaling the peaks to establish outposts. A convoy of tanks suddenly came into view, crawling like giant crabs along a valley. The tribesmen, three and four thousand feet up the mountains, fired down upon the tanks. Doubtless their sniping was accurate, but it must have been futile against the ironclads. It did not stay their progress.

They rolled on along that valley, and the sight of them must have been startling enough to Hillmen who had never seen anything of the kind before. Apparently they had come out to draw fire and thus ascertain where the enemy were, for a great volume of firing was suddenly opened up on the snipers.

From each side more and more men came into view. It was for us an extraordinary experience—as if one sat up on high and watched thousands of puppets play the game of war. We saw the gradual developing of a wide circle of outposts from the British side, and we could guess that radio signals were flashing from these to the columns advancing along the valleys and over the foothills. There was some confusion among the tribesmen. They could be seen dashing about for cover. A hilltop would be alive with snipers, then abruptly they would retreat to another vantage point. It was clear there could be no real military organization among them. They knew no other kind of fighting than this, the guerrilla action of harassing the enemy in a dozen places at once.

Suddenly the mountain guns were brought into action. Shells were shrieking through the air. But this was more of a "demonstration" than any attempt to blow the rebels to pieces. Guns were trained on one of the peaks not far from where snipers lay under cover. Showers of stone

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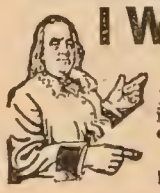
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were splashed into the air from this peak, and it was soon clear that the aim was at the crags of the peak and not at the enemy! We watched openmouthed while it had its nose blown clean off by one blasting explosion after another. When the dense clouds of dust and rubble had died down it was seen that the flattened top of that peak was being occupied by British troops.

"Migosh! What are they trying to do, Digger—level the country before they take it?"

"They seem to have been making a foothold there!"

"Well, I guess it's all over—except the shouting."

The rebels were being slowly surrounded. Some of the clans seemed to realize what was happening and decamped forthwith; others held fast. Airplanes came over, but this, too, appeared to be a demonstration, for no bombs were dropped. They were reconnaissance planes, and they were sweeping the whole battle area. Snipers lifted their rifles but failed to bring any of them down.

During all this excitement my mind had been reverting to the behavior of my native orderly during the abrupt ending of our breakfast. Eater of Women had promptly disowned us! He had spat upon us and called us traitors and spies. We were fiends who had betrayed his friendship, cursed white infidels who had eaten his salt—and so on. I should have thought it exceedingly strange in any one but Eater of Women.

When we were being dragged from the audience hall he had been the loudest in shouting every sort of dirty imprecation after us. He was so vituperative, so vehement in his curses, that I could not but admire his acting. I was convinced he was playing a part and that we should hear from him again. So also was Binns. But as the day wore on and the firing out yonder continued unabated, I began to wonder.

Throughout the day there had been much activity in the village below us. But toward evening it began to seem desolate. The women and children had taken to their houses, and most of the men had drifted out to the sniping posts in the hills. Nor did those who threw down their arms return to the village; they made for the hills farther north—farther from the British and from Lenhai as well. Dusk found the village practically deserted. The holy war was a flop. Long before the sun set we had the terrace to ourselves, and there were no watchful guards to worry us.

"The rats have scuttled," quoth Binns.

"Looks that way. Where is that rascally orderly of mine? Where is Lenhai?"

"Where is Nabi? Where is Mahrila? Where is everybody?" he grinned.

"I suppose this rope is too much even for your teeth, Barney Binns?"

"Guess it would be, if I could get my head down to it. But why worry? Some of the boys will be along soon. That circus over there is fizzling out."

THERE was still about an hour of light left when Eater of Women showed up and set us free. I think he would have gone through hell itself for Digger and Binns. Certainly he went through a hot spot or two in order to get back to us. He had been supplied with arms so that he could join the rebels, and had taken up his position with a bunch of snipers. When the opportunity came he faked a wounded arm and crawled the whole way back to the village. There were no fighting men left in it—only the old craftsmen, the women and children.

Hurrying through the narrow streets, we saw women peering at us from their houses. We were by no means out of the woods; we should have to run a gantlet before reaching the British lines.

Eater of Women led the way, since he had already explored some of the ground. Dropping down from the village, we traversed a broken road on the mountainside, and made our way along a gully. The big guns were blazing away and there was still a heavy crackle of rifle fire from some of the hilltops.

Several times we had to dive for cover. Snipers had spotted us, and though they could not tell who we were, they were not taking any chances. Once we ran into a lively action; bullets came showering over our heads, and some of them came too close to be healthy. We hugged a shelter of rocks and prayed for deliverance.

"*Kuch dar nahin hai,*" muttered Eater of Women. "*Kuch dar nahin hai.*"

He was assuring himself that there was no fear. He had no fear. But he loved to hear himself say so! This patch, however, was merely a foretaste of what was to come. We were still within the rebel lines. The road broke off abruptly. There was a gap of some twelve feet where the track had been blasted away by a shell. It meant we must dip into the gully and further expose ourselves, or try to leap the gap. The leap looked a hefty proposition, but it was safer than walking into the open. We should have to do that soon enough when we came to the no man's land between the lines.

Binns walked back without a word, braced himself, took a running jump, and landed on the edge of the opposite spur of the track. It was a lovely jump, but even so he made it with only a couple of inches to spare. My orderly went next. He threw his rifle across, then took a flying leap, landing easily. I followed. If it had not been for the other two, I should have toppled backward into that crevice. This, remember, was a little performance carried out while the sharpshooters practiced potting!

WE hurried on, bobbing up and down on that mountain track as if we rode a switchback. We came to the farther reaches of this spur of rock and halted. Here was no man's land. We measured it with our eyes, took stock of every boulder, every hole and crevice, every heap of shale. The light was fading. Even though we should be shot at from both sides, it would be wiser to take the risk now than to wait for darkness. We could be shot at in the night and killed without a chance.

From the British side we should look like three natives, and that might mean anything to them—the forefront of a daring advance, or just three fanatics ready to give their lives in Allah's service. From the rebel lines we should be mistaken for three deserters—and that would be bad enough to draw all their fire!

We took off our turbans. They were not precisely white but they would serve. Our plan was to rush across, taking advantage of every bit of shelter on the way, and wave our turbans. We unwound them, made ready.

"Give the word, Digger, and we'll follow—but not in a bunch."

"Now!" I gasped.

We leaped into no man's land and had not covered a dozen yards when a burst of firing followed us. We dropped like logs under the first marked cover.

Up again for another score of yards. Ping-pung! Ping-pung! Devilish close, I thought. This dusky light was the best we could have chosen. Another crazy dash, waving the turbans frantically. They helped. We saw khaki tunics and shouted:

"Kurram Militia! Kurram Militia!"

I was dropped even as we made the lines; even as a khaki-covered arm reached out to clutch me and drag me to safe cover, I felt the hot sizzling jab in the thigh. We were all three plugged within inches of clearing the danger zone. Had we waited a few hours we could have walked over in perfect safety!

We were lying in the casualty clearing station, three stretchers side by side, enjoying a smoke and chatting to Colonel Strong and Lieutenant Hardcastle, when the news came that the chieftains of most of the clans were coming in to offer complete submission.

Lenhai, Nabi the boy emperor, and Mahrila the mystery woman had fled. So far as I know they have not been heard of since. I fancy it will be a long time before any other mad agitator succeeds in stirring up such a broth of trouble as did Lenhai the Mad Fakir.

We went into dock at Peshawar. After that I felt an ocean voyage was indicated for the sake of my health. Barney Binns was returning to the States. I went with him—a trifle disturbed, perhaps, at leaving that tough little commander, Colonel Strong, that lovable rascal, Eater of Women, and other members of that queer bunch of levies, Hunted Men's Militia.

THE END

Anybody can play golf all day for a dollar or two at this public club in Bethpage State Park, on Long Island.

Is the Golf Snob on the Way Out?

Better Times Have Come for the Game, Says One Who Knows—It's the Plain Man's Pastime Now

by MYLES COEN

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

AFTER a storm it is customary to check up on the results. Whether or not the depression is all over and done with, now is the time for a report on the condition of golf.

Statistics? Such as are available prove that golf has survived in a material way. The expenditure in 1935 for clubs, balls, tees, and golf bags was $26,000,000 as against a high in 1929 of $50,000,000. Considering that golf is not a necessity, these figures are favorable.

In 1929 there were 5,648 golf courses in the United States. At the close of 1935 there were 5,727. It was hardly to be expected that the courses existent in 1929 would pass out of existence even though they ceased to be self-supporting. Here and there one was allowed to go back to grass or was cut up for building lots. Many did suffer as to condition. Last year $40,000,000 was laid out for golf-course maintenance, and this sum must be equaled and increased in coming years.

The financial future of the private club seems bright. Repeal, together with other changes, has helped greatly. Last year the club members averaged a forty-two-dollar expenditure at the bar. There is no more liquor consumed than during the prohibition era, but the club makes a profit now. Legal liquor has also stimulated dining-room business. Then, the ladies have adopted golf, and in 1935 they signed more house checks than the men.

It was formerly the custom in the northern part of the country to close up the clubhouse in the winter. Many are now kept open with bowling, skiing, skating, trapshooting, and tobogganing. This means a year-round income and the operating conveniences that go with a continuous business. All in all, it seems the private clubs can plan for the future with some confidence.

Golf is chiefly important as a factor in our social scheme. Will it concentrate as a pastime of the wealthy, or broaden into a game of the people?

To reconstruct the situation in 1929 it is necessary to go back further. The effective introduction of golf on this continent came in the '90s, and by the turn of the century it was definitely established as a pastime of the wealthy upper crust. The game had the "imported" glamour; the clubs and balls were imported, and so were the instructors. It was an expression of pure snobbery. The golf professional was of a social rank somewhere between a garbage man and a gardener. He was never allowed in the clubhouse.

Conditions did not change much for a generation. In 1916 there were only 742 courses in the United States. Golf was never brought home to the submerged nine tenths until Francis Ouimet won the Open in 1913. Ouimet, an ex-caddie, played as an amateur and insisted upon remaining one. It was a sad blow to the élite.

After the war, and with the dawn of the boom, the game really took hold. It spread over the country like a rash. This also arose from social silliness—the old story of keeping up with the Joneses. Most of us had never played golf, but the best people were playing and membership in a snooty golf club became the seal of social and financial arrival. Today there is internal evidence that much of this snobbish silliness has been dissipated and that golf is becoming, and will increasingly become, the game of the people.

The number of courses in this country increased by seventy-nine in the last six years. These seventy-nine were almost all "municipal" courses, owned and operated by city, county, or state, open without reservation to the public on payment of a small fee. During the same period membership in the United States Golf Association, which is restricted to private clubs, decreased by about thirty per cent. Then, a second generation of caddies has reached maturity—thousands of men who have known and loved golf since childhood and who will play golf if it is placed within their budget. Furthermore, children as well as women have discovered golf.

A symptom of the democratic trend is the change in status of the golf pro. Bobby Jones did not lose any social prestige by turning pro. Walter Hagen has been responsible for much of this change; the man never drew breath who could high-hat him.

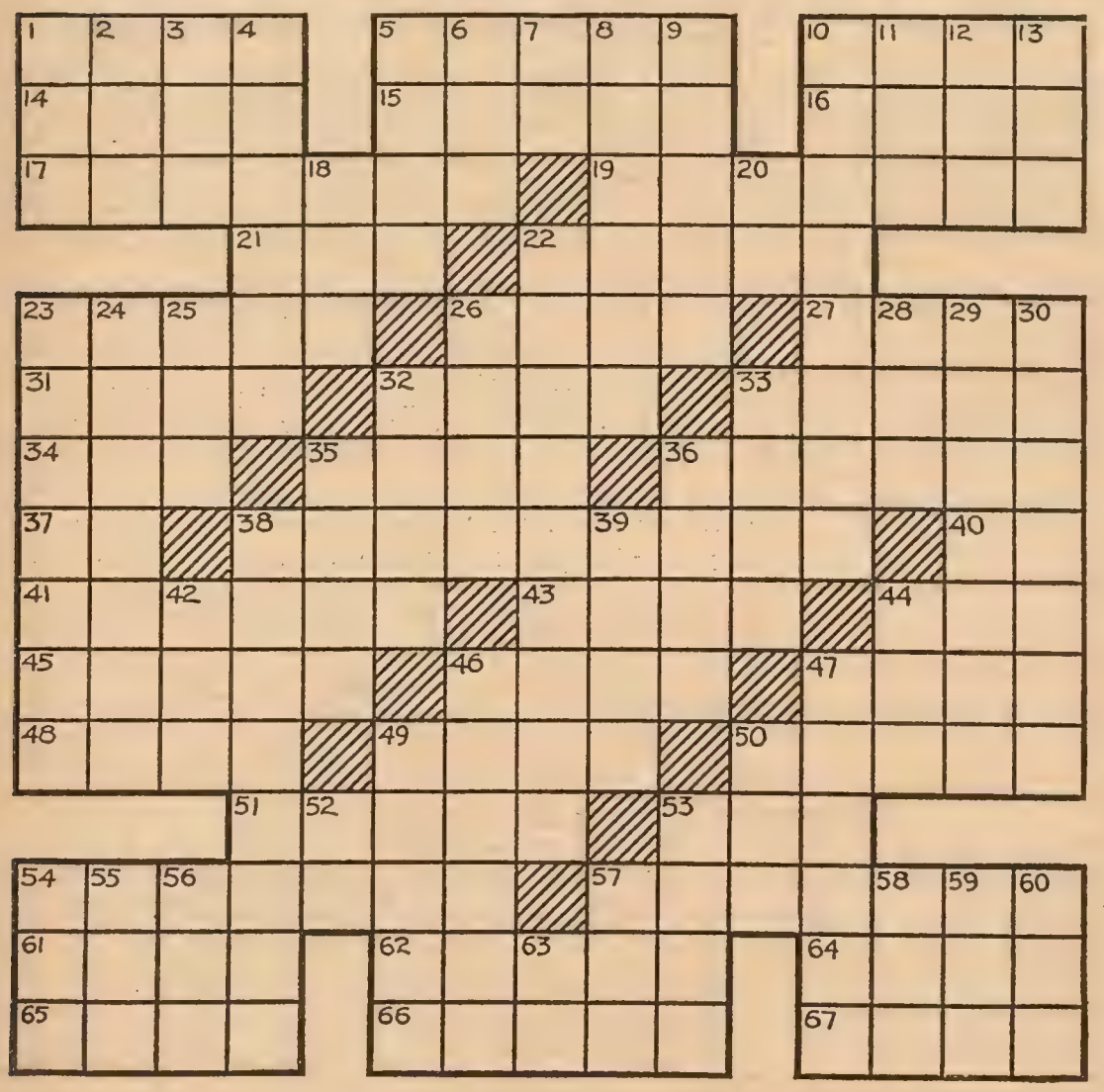
Anyhow, policeman, mechanic, jockey, gambler, motorman, janitor, wife-beater, doctor, lawyer, and Indian chief all play golf these days.

The snob we have always with us, but I think—and I hope—that the species has lost its hold on golf forever.

THE END

One of the five courses in Bethpage State Park.

CROSSWORD CONTEST! $2,000



IN CASH PRIZES YOU CAN WIN!

THE cash prizes are another step nearer this week--the puzzle on this page which makes it possible for you to complete eighty per cent of your solutions. When you have solved Puzzle 8 to your satisfaction there will remain only next week's and the final one, which will appear the week following.

If you have not already planned the presentation of your entry, now is a good time to start so that you will not have to work too hastily in the closing days of the competition. Please keep simplicity in mind. Ornate, elaborate entries are not desired. And do not overlook Rule 4. The statement required therein is an integral part of your entry. No entry will be considered for a prize unless accompanied by this statement. Have you chosen the subject yet for yours?

THE CASH PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, Each $10	200
200 PRIZES, Each $5	1,000

CONTEST PUZZLE NO. 8

HORIZONTAL

1 To cause to bow, stoop, or yield
5 Not bright or loud
10 The place where anything is
14 City in Neosho County, Kansas
15 To change in one or more respects
16 To make supplication or entreaty
17 To derogate
19 Tinged with the color of rose
21 Ill-temper
22 A fruit
23 An implement of the shovel kind
26 To navigate
27 Defy
31 A piece or plate
32 A girl
33 Bring to a horizontal position
34 Craft
35 To form in a lathe
36 Pertaining to grain
37 Personal pronoun
38 Act of turning on an axis (plural)
40 Jumbled type
41 A creed
43 Feminine name
44 Tear
45 Irregularly notched as if eaten away
46 Comminuted
47 Part of a telescope
48 Overmastering wrath
49 Inclosure for a domestic animal (plural)
50 Shelf, as of rock
51 Indulges in an excess of luxury
53 To come into possession of
54 Most courageous
57 A tableland
61 Soft mud or slime
62 Serving to inspire fear
64 Give out
65 Scent
66 Hang in folds
67 To control the will and actions of

VERTICAL

1 Small plot of ground under cultivation
2 Sooner than
3 Immature insect
4 Turn to ridicule or make sport of
5 Cheek
6 Octave above the treble staff in music
7 Pronoun
8 One of the sea nymphs
9 A kind of song
10 Spendthrifts
11 Masculine personal name
12 Coarse cloth made from jute
13 Stare
18 Part of to be
20 Thus
22 Supports, sustains, or upholds
23 Mature female fish
24 Root of a plant used as a diuretic
25 An insect
26 Woman's name
28 A salutation
29 Harvesting
30 Oval
32 Silent
33 Woman's name
35 Tenor; trend
36 Single
38 One who sets something aside
39 Hostelries
42 Gear-wheel tooth
44 One of the primary colors
46 Shackle
47 Missive
49 Placed in a fixed position for the sake of effect
50 Grassland
52 That is (Latin abbr.)
53 Ecstasy
54 An interjection
55 Measure of length
56 A combining form indicating the presence of nitrogen (chem.)
57 Contagious disease of fowls
58 A bird
59 To be ill
60 One of a tribe of American Indians
63 Egyptian deity

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a contest crossword puzzle.

2. To compete, solve each puzzle as it appears, and save them all until you have a complete set of ten.

3. It is not necessary to clip the puzzle from the magazine. Tracing will be acceptable if accurate and legible.

4. When you have all ten solutions, send them as a unit, accompanied by a statement of not more than seventy-five words on the subject, The Story, Article, or Feature in Liberty I Have Enjoyed Most During My Participation in This Contest, and Why.

5. The most nearly correct set of ten solutions accompanied by the best statement of preference will be judged the best and awarded the $500 First Prize. In the order of their excellence on that basis, prizes will be awarded to the next best 222 entries. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

6. Statements of preference will be rated on the basis of clarity and convincingness.

7. At the close of the contest mail all entries to CROSSWORD EDITOR, LIBERTY MAGAZINE, P. O. BOX 556, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

8. All entries must be received on or before Friday, June 12, 1936, the closing date of this contest.

9. No correspondence can be entered into with any contestant. No entries will be returned. The judges will be the editors of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Anyone, anywhere, may compete except employees of Liberty and members of their families.

Thumbnail Sketches

by

MILLIE the MANICURIST

New in Liberty!—The Confidential Confessions of a Cuticle Cutie

as told to

DOROTHY DAY

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

"MILLIE," called Gus, as he hung up the telephone, "go up to Suite Nine Hundred and Two. Mr. Morrison he want a queeck manicure."

"O. Kaydekay, Gus," I says, mimicking his accent. "Does he want a close shave too?"

Gus says something in French that don't sound nice, but I pretend like I don't understand, which I don't.

"Listen, Gus," I says. "Don't gimme that, but gimme something for the collection I'm taking up for Sonny's sick brother." I pushed a box with a slit in the top before him on the counter. "The poor kid's been brushing your customers off now with vim and vigor for six months and he's in trouble and needs some ready cash."

Gus frowned. "Millie, I do not like theez business of yours, always taking up the collection. Theez week it is for the brush-boy's leetle brother. Last week it was the check-boy's grandpapa. Always you push in front of the customers the box. It eez bad for beezness."

"Oh, don't be like that, Gus," I says. "Don't my customers always come back for more?"

He couldn't deny that. I got a string of steadies which if laid end to end, as the saying goes, would reach from here to Gus's home town in France. So he took out a coupla dimes and dropped them in.

"Thanks, Gus," I says. "That gives the box a ring of authority. Besides, I got to get this collection together quick. The kid's gotta have an appendix operation right away, and the family hasn't got a cent—a sou to you."

Gus stamped his foot. "Hurry! How you say—scram!"

When I knocked at 902 I heard a lot of men laughing inside.

A feller in his shirt sleeves opened the door. "Come in and make yourself at home a minute, sister," he says.

There were five gents playing poker, and from the empty glasses and cigarette butts, it looked like they must of been there all night.

The guy who opened the door for me was putting up some more chips and there was a stack of them in the middle of the table. "I'll see you," he says to a sour-

pussed feller across the table. Sour Puss puts down his cards, and then my feller put down his. All the men shouted. Sour Puss raked in the chips.

"Well, all's fair in love and war," says my feller, "but I thought I had you where you live that time. However—" He turns around and says to me, "Hello, kid. Come on in. I just lost a thousand bucks but that don't prevent me from getting prettied up, if you can fix me up while I play. Can you, sister?"

"Sure, sir," I says, and began getting my stuff out.

"'At a girl," says Sour Puss. "Nifty baby, ain't she, boys?"

"Cut it," says Mr. Morrison, "or I'll have my manicure in the other room."

Somebody dealt another round and Mr. Morrison gave me his free hand. He picked up his cards and I could see he had three aces. Just then I caught Sour Puss looking at me. The old meany was trying to tell by my expression what was in the hand. Well, I wasn't being a stool pidgeon for him! So I thought I'd fool him. I kind of frowned, like I didn't think much of my customer's hand. The bets were on hot and heavy, the discards made, and the new cards dealt. Mr. Morrison draws a couple of queens! Oh, my-de-my, was I excited! I wanted my man to win, just like as if I was at a horse race. Sour Puss squints at me again, and I kinda frown and shake my head to myself, as much as to say, "Poor Mr. Morrison!" The raising was plenty rough, and, good as Mr. Morrison's hand was, I think he thought they had him licked.

I could feel his hand kinda cold and clammy in mine. Everybody dropped out of the game but Sour Puss and Mr. Morrison, and by this time I know Sour Puss is only sticking on account of the way I had looked. My man kinda hesitates, but just at that moment I happen to do a little carving on his cuticle and he jumped.

"Hey, sister, I just lost my shirt in this game! Leave me a thumb, will you?"

It was only a scratch, but it was enough to give me his eye for a moment. I sort of winked with the eye that Sour Puss and the rest couldn't see. He looked puzzled and then kinda smiled and said, "Somebody sell me an-

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FREEZONE

other hundred dollars' worth of chips." Then they kept raising.

Finally Mr. Morrison calls him, and Sour Puss lays down three kings and a couple of tens, the while he starts to reach for the pile.

"Just a minute," says Mr. Morrison. "I'll take the pot for a change," and he showed his hand. Sour Puss glared at me, but I was very busy polishing Mr. Morrison's pinky.

Well, they played on for a while, and pretty soon Mr. Morrison says to me, "Sister, you must of brought me luck. Look at that stack of chips." He tossed a five-dollar bill in front of me. "That covers everything, including the luck."

I picked up the bill and stuffed it in my collection box. "Since it's such easy money," I says, "I'm gonna put it in my box for the little boy who has to go to the hospital." I knew it would start something, and I could take my fiver out after. And it did!

Mr. Morrison grabbed the box. "Who's sick? What's a matter with him?" I explained about the brush-boy's little brother. In addition to an appendix I gave him a weak heart, high blood pressure, and fallen arches.

"Say, that's tough! Fellers, ain't that tough?" says Mr. Morrison. A couple of the men started digging into their pockets, but I didn't want just small change, not from that gang with their thousand-dollar game. So I says, "Oh, no, gentlemen, I couldn't ask you to contribute to my little collection. The manager wouldn't like it. I might even lose my job."

HANDS came out of pockets as if they took me serious. But the serious taking was going to be the other way round.

"I wish I could accept a little donation from you gentlemen," I says, "because I oughta have the money for this poor boy today. But since I couldn't do that, how about playing one round, the winner donating half of his profits to the box?"

Say, did they love the idea! They played like their lives depended on it.

The feller who won the first hand divvied up and put half in the box. I gave him a smile and thanked him, and old Sour Puss says if I'd give him a smile like that he'd gimme some dough for the box. But I said nope, I'd only take it if he won it. So he says to the boys, "Let's play another round." And so they did.

This kept up until I had enough to supply not only an appendix operation for Sonny's little brother but for his whole family, and they could have thrown in some tonsils and things into the bargain.

When I went downstairs, the first thing I get is a balling out from Gus. "Millie, where have you been all morning?" he screams.

"Just fixing up a nice pair of hands for Mr. Morrison," I says, "and a new appendix for Sonny's little brother on the side."

Further reminiscences of Millie will appear in an early issue.

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TO THE *Ladies!*

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

ABOUT ten years ago Mrs. Oliver Harriman had a lucky streak in a small poker game on a private yacht. The game continued every evening for a week. The stakes were low, but Mrs. Harriman won nearly every hand. By the end of the week the other players wouldn't let her in the game. She went to bed and cried.

"There are times," she said to me the other day, "when we can be too lucky for our own good."

MRS. OLIVER HARRIMAN

Now Mrs. Harriman, blue-blood society dowager, crusades for legal lotteries in America. She believes in moderate prizes, has followed the careers of Irish Sweepstakes winners and has found that fabulous fortune usually ruins their lives.

A hundred and fifty thousand dollars is too much money, she contends, for any one to win on a lottery. No prize should be higher than ten thousand. Tickets should cost a dollar. We ought to have state lotteries throughout the country, and the proceeds should be used to support old-age pensions, hospitals, emergency funds for flood relief, drought relief, etc.

"It wouldn't really be gambling," she said. "Real gamblers are people who take wild chances with money they can't afford to lose. Wall Street is the place for them! We women love to take chances within reason. We do so every time we buy a dress, or bake a cake—or marry a man."

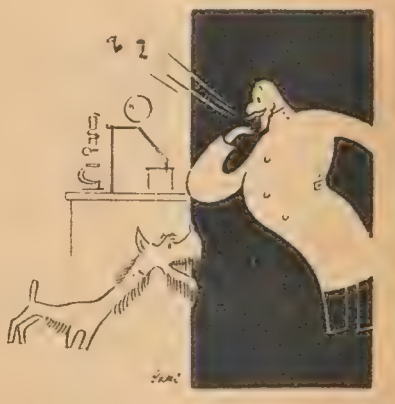
Mrs. Harriman is noted for her charity work. Before marriage she was Grace Carley of Kentucky, famously known for years as the American Beauty.

● Talked with Mama and Papa Dionne, parents of the quintuplets. Mama Dionne thinks baby Emilie looks the most like Papa; Papa thinks baby Cécile looks the most like Mama. I asked Mrs. Dionne if she wants any more children. With a smile that was shy but decidedly firm she replied, "It seems to me I've had plenty."

She told me her other five children have seen the quins only three times; have never yet touched them. Papa Dionne does not enjoy his notoriety, is a serious type of self-reliant farmer, proud of his land, ambitious for his young ones. "There will be money enough," he said, "to give them all a good schooling such as my wife and I couldn't afford. We are not well off—but we own three hundred acres." Would he tell me something, I asked, about his courtship of Mama Dionne? He lowered his hand to the level of his knee, spoke with quiet tenderness, said, "I have known her ever since she was so high."

● Out of our mortal sphere, last autumn, passed the ultraconservative old tailor of a middle-aged New England business man. Whereupon the business man neglected his wardrobe until his son and daughter—young people working in New York—took steps. They took him to the big town and found him a new tailor. The new tailor wasn't ultraconservative; in fact he wasn't conservative at all. His suits changed the New England gentleman's appearance to an astonishing degree, lent a snappy flare of youth to his widower's jib—and made him feel that way, too. Can't you guess the result? Of course you can. She was a very nice lady, some ten or twelve years younger than he. His son and daughter approve, and compliment themselves on their matchmaking. They called it "the tailored wedding."

● Once a year the husband of a lady I know gives a dinner party at home for those friends of his whom his wife doesn't like, and once a year *she* gives a dinner for people whom she likes but *he* doesn't. They both have mixed parties, not stag or hen. She gives hers while he is away on a business trip, and he gives his while she's visiting out of town. I asked her which one of them, she or her husband, had thought up this bright arrangement. She said neither. Said she found it three years ago in a novel by Bertrand Collins.



● Now the busy scientists have invented a whistle that can be heard by dogs but not by human beings. We can't hear it because the sound vibrations are too high for our eardrums. Canine ears are so much more sensitive that dogs can hear it a couple of blocks away. Dog owners must wait a while, though, for these new whistles to play with; they aren't on the market yet.

● Want to learn about women? Helen Beauclerk's new book, The Mountain and the Tree, traces our feminine progress from cave to drawing room. (Published by Coward-McCann, Inc.)

● Here's a Portuguese dessert you should know about. It's called *torrijas de nata*—fried cream. With any canned or stewed fruit it provides a quick and novel delicacy.

Into 1 cup cream whip 3 lightly beaten egg yolks. Spread ½ inch thick in greased pan. Cook slowly over low flame and asbestos mat. Cool. Cut in 3-inch squares. Have ready 1 whole egg, beaten. Take squares up carefully, brush with egg, fry in butter. Sprinkle with powdered sugar and cinnamon. Serve hot.

This recipe is from the excellent European Cookbook for American Homes, authored by the Browns—Cora, Rose, and Bob, packed with the best kitchen lore of Italy, Spain, Portugal, France, and newly published by Farrar & Rinehart.

Rich Man's SON

Two Against the World! —Now Love Faces an Acid Test in a Frank, Daring Novel of Today

by

CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, Jr.

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK SWAIN

READING TIME
23 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

A COMBINATION of tortured love and noble ambitions has brought about disastrous results for Jeff Lorimer, a banker's son, and his socially prominent New York family. It was Jeff's love for Doris Fenton, a night-club entertainer, and his hate for the man he found forcing his attentions on her—the same man who had wronged his younger sister Natalie—that caused him to strike the fatal blow that sent Howard Locke reeling against a concrete pillar to his death. The sensational trial that followed was climaxed by the surprise testimony from Natalie—testimony that led directly to Jeff's acquittal. But, long before, the disgraceful episode had proved fatal to Jeff's mother. She died of shock on learning of her son's arrest.

Jeff's father, in the hope of preventing any further scandal, and especially hoping to discourage Jeff's affair with Doris, has him drugged and put aboard the family yacht Moira, with instructions to the crew to cruise about tropical waters until given orders to return.

Meanwhile Doris has called at the Lorimer mansion, at Jeff's earlier request, only to be confronted by his father, who introduces her to Margot Rogers, a society girl, who, he says, is Jeff's fiancée. Margot, however, betrays her part of the secret arrangement and tells Doris to remain loyal to Jeff.

Through the carelessness of a drunken mate in charge of the cruising Moira, the yacht is wrecked in a tropical storm. Luckily, all hands are saved. Jeff manages to get passage on a smugglers' boat to Florida, and through a friend obtains enough money to fly back to New York, only to find Doris in a hospital, recovering from pneumonia. He makes arrangements to marry her there. But as the clergyman opens his prayer book there is a commotion at the doorway. "Stop this ceremony!" a voice cries out.

It was an awkward moment for Jeff, but he made the introductions with aplomb. "I know you are going to be very happy together," Margot said.

PART NINE—DISINHERITED

GEOFFREY LORIMER pushed his way into the ward, his face red with anger. A reporter had telephoned him at his office about the marriage. Uncle Hal lumbered anxiously after him. Newspapermen brought up the rear.

"I forbid this marriage!" Lorimer shouted. "This boy doesn't realize what he is doing."

Jeff stepped forward. "I'm sorry, father," he said quickly, "but I do know what I am doing. You can't change my mind and you can't forbid this marriage." He took Doris's hand in his, and could feel the trembling of her slender fingers. "Don't be upset, dear."

"But why all the haste, Jeff?" Uncle Hal asked.

Jeff smiled. "Haste? I've been waiting forever for this moment. I—oh, well, it's enough that Doris and I want it this way."

Lorimer turned in appeal to the clergyman, who snapped his prayer book shut and said: "Be reasonable, my boy, and at least listen to what your father has to say. I can wait."

One thin white hand flew to Doris's throat. The head nurse stepped quickly to her side. "If this girl is upset further," she declared, "there will be no marriage at all. Please continue your arguments elsewhere."

Jeff leaned down and kissed Doris, and her anguish-filled eyes followed him as he moved away with his father and uncle.

In a small reception room at the end of the corridor, Geoffrey Lorimer put both hands on his son's shoulders.

"Jeff, my son," he began, "don't think me harsh and unsympathetic. I know how you feel about the girl—how you want to make up for the ordeal she suffered during the trial. But I can't allow your misguided sense of chivalry to lead you into a fatal mistake. I will see that she is provided for."

"It's not chivalry I feel, father. It's love. Doris wants no return for what she did. Don't you understand? We love each other! From the moment I laid eyes on her I knew she was the girl for me." Jeff turned to his uncle. "Help me make him understand, Uncle Hal."

His uncle stepped forward. "Perhaps your father only wants to be convinced that you really love the girl, Jeff. You yourself might not know the difference between love and gratitude right now. Why not wait? If at the end of a year—or even six months—you feel the same, I am sure he won't stand in your way. Will you, Geoffrey?"

Lorimer started. "Er—no—why, of course not, Jeff. After all we have been through I had hoped that you and I might become closer than we have been. Now that mother is gone, it is lonely in the big house. And there are things I had planned for us to do together."

Jeff smiled to himself at the blithe way his father ignored having kidnaped him on to the yacht.

"I told you it was no use, father. Without Doris life means nothing to me. I want to work for her—to take care of her. Why, there's nothing I can't accomplish!"

Uncle Hal's heart swelled at the shining eagerness in the boy's face. Geoffrey Lorimer grew impatient. "That girl has done something to him, Hal. I don't know my son any longer. I don't even know how to talk to him."

"I must go now, father," Jeff said. "Try to understand."

Geoffrey Lorimer's voice cracked out like a whip: "Wait! Marry that girl and you immediately disinherit yourself. Marry her and you are no longer a son of mine!"

"That's all right with me, father," Jeff retorted angrily—"if it's the way you feel. I'm going to marry the only girl I ever loved. If then you no longer want me as a son, I certainly don't want you as a father. Don't waste your pity on me. Save it for yourself. God help you when regret begins to eat at your heart—*if you have one!*"

Jeff flung himself out of the room and hurried up the corridor to the ward.

He found the nurse and clergyman trying to console Doris. But only when he took her in his arms and said playfully, "All set, Mrs. Lorimer?" did she really believe that he had come back to her for good. For the second time the clergyman opened his prayer book to the marriage service.

. . . . . .

"If you will wait in here a moment, Mr. Lorimer," the assistant manager of the Ritzmont Hotel said, "I will ask Mr. Chase to come right down."

While waiting, Jeff, a half-hour bridegroom, decided to count up his assets. There were the clothes on his back and a little over ninety dollars in cash in his pockets. He could get credit for a month at least at the hotel—and in that time he ought to have a job. Harry Berwyn, with all his contacts, could do something for him. After that, Doris and he would find a little apartment—

"I only want a small suite, Mr. Chase," he told the manager. "My wife is coming tomorrow direct from the hospital. We want to live simply while she is convalescing."

"Your wife!" the manager exclaimed.

"I was married this afternoon," Jeff smiled.

A few moments after he had chosen a suite, reporters, sob sisters, and photographers were pestering him.

Jeff held up his hands. "I'll answer any questions now, but I want all of this over when my wife arrives tomorrow. She is sick. There will be no further interviews. Is that clear?"

They agreed and the bombardment began. "Are you going to work?" a lanky reporter asked.

"Not so fast," Jeff laughed. "Remember, I have only been disinherited a little over an hour!"

"Your father seems to mean it, Mr. Lorimer. Have you any comment to make on his statement to the press?"

"My father has talked to the newspapers?" Jeff asked.

"He gave us a statement as soon as he knew you were married. He says he won't permit you to enter his house."

Jeff whistled. "Listen, you people," he suggested. "Hold up this interview for an hour, can't you—until I have seen my father? I'll run over to the house now."

They agreed to wait in the apartment.

When Pitts saw Jeff at the door, his eyes widened and he drew back. "Oh, Master Jeff," he whispered, "I don't know what to do! Your father said—"

"Who is it, Pitts?" Geoffrey Lorimer had just emerged from the elevator.

"It's—it's Master Jeff, sir—"

"Pitts! Do as I told you!" Lorimer commanded. "Shut the door on him."

"But, father," Jeff protested, pushing past the frightened butler. "I want my clothes. That's all I came here for."

"Pack them up and send them to him," Lorimer growled, refusing to meet his son's eyes.

"But, surely—" Jeff began.

This time his father turned on him.

"Get out before I call the other servants to throw you out!"

"Why can't you understand, father? Why do you hate Doris so much, when you don't even know her?"

Bitter sarcasm spread across the banker's face. "I don't know her, you say? I paid good money to find out the sort of girl she is. She's a cheap adventuress who thought she was clever getting her hooks into a rich man's son. She'll run out on you like a rat deserting a sinking ship when she finds out you have been disinherited and haven't a nickel to your name. Mark my words!"

"That's enough!" Jeff cried out. "If you were a younger man I would knock your teeth down your throat. You're a bigot and a snob and I'm glad that you're no longer my father—" He broke off as the light above his great-grandfather's picture was suddenly switched on with the other hall lights. "But I'm still *his* great-grandson. And I know what he dreamed of when he founded our bank. He wanted it to be a service. He didn't take away people's business and snatch the bread out of their children's mouths! But you—what do you care whose lives you break, or who goes hungry, or—"

"Stop!" Now Geoffrey Lorimer's voice thundered through the big hall. Jeff's young brother Ogden had crept down the wide stairway at the sound of their angry voices and was crouching in terror on the steps. "What right have you to criticize your grandfather and me? Or anybody, for that matter? What have you ever done to justify your existence? What are you, this very minute, but a parasite, sneaking back to the house I have forbidden you, to get the clothes that my money—the money you despise—paid for? What have you done to deserve the fine name you bear? You dragged it in the gutter—you murdered your mother—now you have given your name to a worthless strumpet. Get out of my house, and don't come whining back to me for help! Get out and stay out! I wish to God you had never been born!"

Deadly calm again, Jeff said: "It is just as well that this happened now. We don't see alike on even one thing of importance. I have something now far more important than anything you or your money ever gave me. I have some one who loves me, believes in me, who will help and encourage me to build a life that is real." . . .

At the hotel, Jeff faced the newspaper people. "I have seen my father," he said gravely. "He has definitely disinherited me. I have no more to say."

When Jeff had eaten dinner, he hurried back to the hospital to see Doris.

He leaned tenderly over her bed, then dropped to his knees and put his arms about her. He was breathless with yearning.

"Oh, Jeff darling!" she sighed. "Hold me very tight and tell me it is all true. We really are married aren't we?"

"Forever and ever," he said. As he tightened his arms

Keyhole Kartoons

by John W. Elliotte

AIMEE McPHERSON
REARED ON A CANADIAN FARM NEAR WINNEPEG, WAS ONCE A SIDE SHOW BARKER. SHE BECAME A SCHOOL TEACHER, MISSIONARY TO CHINA, THEN ENJOYED UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS AS AN EVANGELIST. FOUNDER OF ANGELUS TEMPLE, SHE NOW HAS
10¢
MORE THAN 250 "FOUR SQUARE GOSPEL" CHURCHES, PUBLISHES A WEEKLY AND MONTHLY PAPER!

about her an ecstatic sense of possession filled him. He tried to be gentle and remember that she had been desperately ill, but when he felt her body trembling against him his hold tightened and he bent swiftly to her eager waiting lips. Both were shaken and breathless when he at last let her go.

Back in the hotel, he went to bed, but did not fall asleep for some time. Tomorrow night Doris would be lying close to him in this very bed. The mere thought of it almost suffocated him with delight. He would keep his arms around her all night and try to stay awake so as not to miss an instant of her heavenly nearness. . . .

Jeff threw open the door of the hotel suite. Then he picked Doris up.

"There's an old Lorimer custom to be observed. The bride is carried by the bridegroom across the threshold of her new home."

Doris hugged him. "Fibber! I'll bet you're the first Lorimer who ever did such a thing. Go ahead—I love it. Oh, Jeff—what beautiful flowers!"

She put on a negligee to please him, and he kissed each little foot as he slipped them into her mules. They dined in the living room, romantically, by candlelight. Jeff sent the waiter away, jealous of every instant they were not alone. Frequently, when their eyes met, a self-consciousness crept into them and Doris looked away quickly. Before the meal was ended, a deep silence had fallen between them. Then Jeff suddenly pushed back his chair and came over to her. She rose to meet him. She was in his arms. He buried his face in her hair.

"Darling—my darling wife," he whispered brokenly. "I've waited so long—for this."

ON the fifth morning of their honeymoon, Doris emerged from their idyl long enough to say, "Darling, we can't play forever."

"I know," Jeff nodded. "The old conscience has begun to gnaw at my in'ards, too. I suppose I should be thinking about bringing home a slice of bacon now and then, since you've been bragging about how well you cook. I'll call Harry Berwyn right now—if you reward me in advance."

She kissed him and pushed him over to the telephone.

"Call me in the morning," Berwyn suggested. "I'll line up some contacts for you. And when do I get invited to the love nest?"

"Drop in any time," Jeff invited—hoping he wouldn't. Leaving the phone, he said to Doris: "There, my fine woman! Tomorrow I trot out my shovel and dinner pail. Let's celebrate the last night of our honeymoon by dining out and going to a play?"

"But, Jeff, I haven't anything to wear!"

Jeff let out a hearty laugh. "It didn't take you long to learn how to talk like a wife."

He phoned the dress shop where Nat and Margot bought some of their clothes and asked that half a dozen dinner dresses and a choice of evening wraps be sent up.

ROLL UP TO A PACK OF KOOLS and see how much more you get for your money! A blend of tobaccos to win your tongue, mildly mentholated to cool your throat, cork tips to save your lips. And a valuable B & W coupon to save for handsome premiums. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Let's go! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, P.O. Box 599, Louisville, Kentucky.

Playing Cards—Initial or fancy back. Best quality. 60 coupons. 2 decks—100

FREE. Write for illustrated 28-page B & W premium booklet No. 11

Silverware—Community plate, 26-piece service for 6 with chest . . 900 coupons

RALEIGH CIGARETTES...NOW AT POPULAR PRICES...ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

LAST EVENING—

ALL FAGGED OUT!

THIS MORNING

ALL O.K. AGAIN

Here's the secret

Bothered with constipation? Tired of harsh, griping, "grin-and-bear-it" cathartics? Then here's my suggestion: try delicious FEEN-A-MINT. All you do is chew it for 3 minutes,* before you go to bed. Any time I have that dull, logy, constipated feeling, I take this pleasant "3-minute way" at night—and start the next day full of vim and pep. It's the *chewing* that helps work the magic.

And be sure to make a note of this: Children love the minty, chewing-gum flavor of FEEN-A-MINT. It's good for them, too, because it's a mild regulator that's not habit-forming. Better get some FEEN-A-MINT today. A generous family-sized supply is only 15c or 25c at any drug store ... (slightly higher in Canada).

*Longer if you wish

THE 3 MINUTE WAY
FOR ADULTS AND CHILDREN
Feen-a-mint
THE CHEWING GUM LAXATIVE
NO TASTE BUT THE MINT
THREE MINUTES OF CHEWING MAKE THE difference!

He ordered tickets for a new musical play. When Doris wasn't looking he counted what was left of his money. Since bringing her to the hotel he had signed for everything except a white-gold wedding ring for which he had paid five dollars. The only other cash expenditures were her hospital and roominghouse bills and countless small items that he couldn't remember. He had forty-odd dollars left.

The salesgirl arrived from the store with the clothes. The gown they both liked best was a gray chiffon with tiny yellow flowers around the neck. The wrap she selected was plum-colored velvet. "Charge them," Jeff said, as if he had the Bank of England in his pocket.

SO Jeff took his delighted little bride to the Plaza for dinner, and bowed proudly to friends. At the theater, lorgnettes and opera glasses were trained on them as they walked up the aisle during intermission. In the lobby Jeff found himself face to face with Margot Rogers and her mother. It was an awkward moment for him, but he made the introductions with aplomb. Doris and Margot smiled graciously, tactfully avoiding mention that they had already met.

"I know you are going to be very happy together," Margot said sincerely. Manlike, Jeff got away as quickly as possible, but not before Doris had caught Margot's eye and sent her a smile that only they understood.

Several mornings later, Jeff, ready for the street, shook Doris gently by the shoulder. Squinting, she sat up in bed, rubbing her eyes like an adorable sleepy child. Jeff, liking her best of all this way, threw her back against the pillow and rumpled her hair.

"Why—you're all dressed!" she exclaimed. "What time is it?"

"Eight thirty, my love. And you may kiss me good-by. Your husband is going to work."

"Oh, Jeff," she cried, springing out of bed—"and we were going to have breakfast together!"

"No time now," he laughed as she slipped into his arms.

On the way out he stopped at the desk for the mail. The clerk handed him two envelopes. One, Jeff knew without opening it, was the weekly bill—the second he had received since registering. On it would be all of the incidental charges. But what was the sense of opening it when he had no money to pay it? He stuffed it into his coat pocket, but opened the other. It was a long letter from Nat. That, too, went into his pocket, and he set out for the uptown brokerage office where Harry Berwyn had told him to report for work.

John Hodges, the senior member of Hodges & Hodges, Investment Brokers, received him.

"Your salary will be thirty-five dollars a week," he told Jeff. "We aren't allowed to pay commissions, but you will get a bonus of one third of the amount over your yearly salary of all business you bring in. With your social connections you should make out well here."

Jeff's heart sank. "When do you pay the bonus?" he asked.

"At the end of the year."

He filled out an application and was given a desk with a telephone on it. He was a trifle self-conscious as others in the office stared at him, so he took Nat's letter out of his pocket and began reading it.

Father has forbidden us all to see you [his sister had written]. We may not even talk to you over the telephone. If we disobey, he threatens to disinherit us too. Pitts is to be discharged if he ever lets you into the house again. And now Tom Cranston has asked me to marry him. I couldn't help falling in love with him after the splendid way he defended you. But father is trying to break up my life, too. He is sending Margaret and me off to Europe, hoping I will forget Tom. Sometimes I hate father so! And then again I feel sorry for him. Now, Jeff darling, if I can do anything to help you, let me know. I envy you because at least you have what you want—and God only knows if that will ever happen to me.

Jeff put the letter down—his fine spirits gone—and reached for the telephone. He had a list of those men who were prospective stock or bond buyers, but he was able to reach only two for appointments. It was lunchtime before he realized it, and he hurried back to the hotel—to Doris.

"Your Uncle Hal has been here," she told him. "He was very kind. He wanted to know if we needed any help. I said of course not. Then he asked me— Jeff, he said you haven't any money at all, and that—that soon the hotel will put us out because you can't pay the bill! Is that true?" She was pale with anxiety.

"I'll tell you what *you're* going to do, young lady," Jeff said, picking her off the floor. "You're getting right back in bed. Have you had your lunch? I thought not!" He picked up the phone and ordered for her. "We aren't going to try and figure anything out until the end of the week—which will be payday. Then we'll dope out some kind of a budget and—"

"And get out of this expensive hotel! I'll look for an apartment tomorrow."

HOPING to ward off any pressure for payment from the hotel, Jeff paid the first week's bill for incidentals. The day he drew his first salary he went to work with three pennies in his pockets.

"Jeff darling," Doris cried, when he reached home Saturday noon. "I've found it—the very thing!"

"Found what?" Jeff laughed, pulling her down on his lap.

"An apartment. The sweetest place you ever saw! The sun pours in all day long and there's a brand-new stove and icebox—and it's only sixty-five dollars a month. Oh, Jeff, you'll love it!"

Slowly Jeff disentangled himself. "We can't do anything about an

apartment, dear, until we get out of hock here. Next Wednesday I will owe two hundred dollars in rent and about fifty dollars in other charges—and all I will have to pay it with is my munificent salary of thirty-five dollars."

He went over to the dresser and opened a drawer. Doris saw him slip something into his pocket.

"What are you doing?" she asked in alarm.

"I'm going to pawn my evening studs and my wrist watch and everything else that can be converted into money. Then I'm going to meet Harry Berwyn at the Biltmore and try to get him to talk somebody else into giving me a job. I haven't been what you'd call a howling success at selling bonds, darling."

Jeff found Berwyn surrounded by a group of good fellows. They welcomed him warmly. When he left he was a bit unsteady and nearly all the money the pawnshop had lent him on his jewelry was gone, but he had three appointments about jobs on Monday morning. And that was hopeful news to bring home to Doris.

ON Monday morning Jeff reported at his office, made a few futile phone calls, and left to hunt up the promised jobs. He was able to see only one of two advertising men, and was not surprised to be told that after looking the situation over there didn't seem to be any place where he could fit in at the moment. Jeff thanked the man and left. On the wall of the reception room he had noted a large framed advertisement of the Farmers and Merchants Trust Company. Now he remembered—this was the agency that handled their account! The other man was "out of town." But Patrick Haggerty, the good-natured third vice-president of an insurance company, was eager to do business with him.

"I told you we'd be glad to take on a young man with your connections," Haggerty smiled. "How does a straight five-per-cent commission strike you?"

"You mean—five per cent over my salary?"

Haggerty threw back his big head and roared. "Bless me, no! You get a small drawing account for expenses—say fifteen a week. The rest you've got to earn yourself, my lad."

Jeff said he would think it over and hurried back to his own office. On the street he ran into Bud Hathaway.

"The great Jeff Lorimer!" Hathaway laughed. "You've become something of a celebrity lately, Jeff. I've been basking in more than my share of reflected glory just because we once roomed together at Harvard. Come on in and have a drink." Over a Scotch-and-soda Jeff casually mentioned his new connection.

"You have my sympathy," Hathaway said. "That's my line, too—downtown. How are you making out?"

"Oh, fine," Jeff lied. "Fine! And you?"

"Dentyne Takes Double Prize —For Aid to Mouth Health— For Fine Flavor!"

DENTYNE—FOR A HEALTHIER MOUTH. Our early forefathers' teeth were kept in good condition by *natural* means—by foods that required plenty of chewing. Our foods today are soft—we *need* Dentyne because its special firmness encourages more vigorous chewing—gives mouth and gums healthful exercise and massage, and promotes self-cleansing. Dentyne works in the *natural* way to keep your mouth healthy—your teeth splendidly sound and white.

INEXHAUSTIBLE FLAVOR! You can't chew it out. Smoothness with a tang—a breath of spice—Dentyne's distinctive flavor is an achievement in sheer deliciousness. You'll appreciate the shape of the Dentyne package, too—smartly flat (an exclusive feature)—just right to slide handily into your pocket or purse.

Keeps teeth white—
mouth healthy

DENTYNE

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

"Lousy. People must have money but they're keeping it a secret. If it wasn't for my dad's friends I'd never make out. They do it for the old man. No wonder you're hitting high—with all your dad's millionaire cronies! How about slipping me an account or two, Jeff? I'll split my commission with you. It will make me look good with the company."

Jeff wanted to laugh. But he said: "Why, sure, Bud. I'll give you a ring next week."

They parted, Jeff going directly home. He told Doris about the insurance job offered him.

"Take it, darling," she urged. "Everybody buys insurance, and you wouldn't be so dependent on friends for business."

But Jeff didn't feel a week at the brokerage business was a fair trial.

The following Saturday his decision was made for him. When he called at the cashier's window for his pay envelope, it contained a curt note saying that his services were no longer required.

Jeff gritted his teeth and left, in no mood to admit to Doris that he had been fired. She was dressed for the street when he got home.

"Let's go window shopping," she suggested. "I love Saturday afternoons. We can walk up Fifth Avenue and—"

"And run into a dozen people I know!" Jeff answered testily.

"Well, pick your own street. Come on, grumpy. I won't let you spoil this beautiful spring day." She caught his hand and laughingly dragged him out of the suite. When the elevator stopped for them, the manager stepped out.

"I was just coming in to see you, Mr. Lorimer," he said. "Have you a minute?"

Jeff hesitated, floundering for an excuse.

"Go on, darling," Doris urged. "I'll wait downstairs." Reluctantly, Jeff returned to his suite.

"I don't enjoy these things, Mr. Lorimer," Chase began, "but a hotel is run like any other business and—"

"It's about my bill?" Jeff interrupted. Chase nodded. "Well, can't you give me more time on it?"

"But, Mr. Lorimer, some of the incidental charges on your bill are two weeks old! And your father refuses to guarantee your account. Of course if you can establish credit—"

"*You called up my father?*" Jeff gasped in indignation. "What right had you to do that?"

The manager drew himself up. "When we doubt a person's responsibility we must protect ourselves. It was you yourself who told the newspapers that your father had disinherited you, remember."

"Then why did you wait until now to dun me?"

"We thought you had some sort of income. People don't usually come to a hotel like this unless they can pay."

"Well, I have no income," Jeff answered flatly. "And I have no job. So there is no chance of paying my bill right now. Do you want these rooms?"

The manager made a conciliatory gesture. "Suppose you think it over this afternoon, Mr. Lorimer. You may be able to make some other arrangement."

"Not a chance," Jeff declared. "We will get out tonight."

Riding down in the elevator, he thought, This will certainly gum up the "beautiful spring day." But when he told Doris bluntly—which, after all, was best—that they had been dispossessed, she surprised him by exclaiming: "I'm glad, dearest! I was afraid they wouldn't do it and all the time the bill would have kept piling up. Come on. Let's see if that adorable place I found last week is still vacant."

"But I have only forty-eight dollars to my name!"

"Then we'll find a place where we can pay by the week. Buy a paper." They stood by a drugstore window looking over the "Furnished Apartments" ads, Doris—with practiced eye—scanning the column for cheap places.

At five thirty, weary and discouraged, they decided on a place at twelve dollars a week. It was on the West Side, a block from Central Park. The rattle of the Columbus Avenue elevated trains could be heard. Jeff hated to put Doris in it, but he liked the idea of the park being so close. Doris could walk there and get the sunshine. With all of his financial worries, Jeff had noticed that she was too thin and pale.

"Some difference between the hotel and that dump!" he laughed as they were walking toward the subway.

"Don't call it a dump!" she cried in a hurt voice. "It's our first home, Jeff. And at least we can pay for it."

Jeff slipped her arm through his. "I was only kidding, sweetheart."

They decided to check out of the Ritzmont before dinner. But when Jeff slipped the key into the door of their suite, it wouldn't turn the lock. "That's funny," he mused. "They must have given me the wrong key."

Doris waited while he went down to the desk.

"This key won't open my door," he said, tossing it at the room clerk.

"That's your key all right, Mr. Lorimer, but the keyhole is plugged."

"The keyhole is plugged?"

"You didn't pay your bill. You're locked out."

"But all of our clothes are in there!"

Being dispossessed is only a mild taste of the bitter miseries in store for disinherited Jeff and his bride. Will poverty and adversity eventually quench the love for which he sacrificed all? Will Doris remain loyal now? You'll find the answers in the next and concluding installment of this daring novel, in Liberty next week.

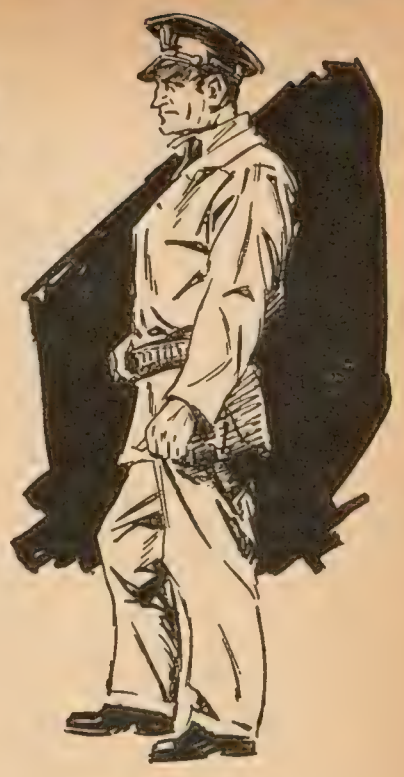
FASHION FLASHES From PARIS

"Lampshade" dance frocks with voluminous skirts in multiple layers of polychrome transparence, like those that whirled across Paris ballrooms in Paul Poiret's heyday, will again make midsummer evening parties rival rainbows or sunsets. New opalescent effects are achieved by superimposing two or more tender tones of mousseline. Openwork embroidered net, organdy, or lace gowns in dark rich shades or pastel hues over vivid satin or taffeta slips in ruby, amethyst, or emerald resemble mosaics of jewels. Cellophane embroidery will add moonlight glamour.

Some favorite combinations are turquoise chiffon over electric blue; brown tulle over nasturtium taffeta; Nile-green gauze over mauve; sky-blue organdy over carmine. One purple tulle skirt fringed with gold is even shown over cerise pantalets *à la Petroushka*.

—DORAMILLER.

In the Eyes of the Law



Liberty's Short Short

by J. ALLAN DUNN

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

THE overdriven flivver plugged up the grade with the wet clay gripping the worn tires like glue. It came to a stop in the Gap with the radiator pluming vapor. This was the county line. On either side of the road the trees grew close and tall, the underbrush was dense and brambly, pathless save for the mazy trails of wild hogs leading nowhere.

A cabin stood in a little clearing on top of a cut bank. An old man sat in a chair on the porch, most of which was in shadow, though he wore a flop-brimmed ancient felt.

He was whittling with infinite care and precision a wooden chain, carved from one piece of wood. His bushy eyebrows were drawn down so that they almost touched the lashes of his upper eyelids. All the lids were narrowed so that his eyes showed through slits.

There were two men in the flivver. One was a deputy sheriff, coatless, his badge prominently pinned to his vest. The other was a state guard in a frowzy uniform. Both wore holstered pistols and cartridge belts.

The deputy called up to the old man in the chair. He did not know him; neither did the guard. This was the extreme limit of their usual jurisdiction.

"Howdy, pop? You see anything of a convict? Young tall skinny chap with sandy hair. He'd still be wearin' stripes. Got away from the road gang this mornin'."

"Kill anybody?"

"No, but he might."

"What was he in fer? Robbery?"

"Vagrancy."

"What'll you do tuh him if you git him?"

"Plenty. He won't run erway ag'in." The deputy was beginning to be annoyed, but he was used to native garrulity. "You see him, pop? How long you been settin' out there?"

"Ever sence breakfast. I ain't much fer movin'. Sort of crippled up. I got a cullud boy thet fixes me up fer the day, an' comes round sundown tuh git me supper an' see me tuh bed. Not many folks trail this way. All thet come erlong tuhday, so fer, is friends of mine. Hailed 'em all. But I didn't see no stranger, much less a fugitive from jestice."

"I told you so," said the guard. "He wouldn't risk an open road like this. The goin' is too tough through the trees. He's back thar in the swamp, hidin' out till nightfall."

The deputy grunted assent. "Thanks, pop. Reckon we'll be goin' back. Could we git some water fer the radiator?"

"Bucket's on the end of the well sweep. Help yourself, mister."

Replenished, the flivver swung, backed, and headed down the hill it had just climbed.

The old man went on with the fashioning of his wooden links. It grew very quiet. It was midafternoon and the shadows were lengthening. A jay called. A squirrel barked shrilly.

Back of the old man the window was open. He spoke through it, softly:

"Did you find somethin' tuh eat, son?"

"Plenty. You sent them away? They've gone?"

"Sure seems so. You didn't lie tuh me, son. It *was* vagrancy."

"It had no right to be. I was hitchhiking, it's true. There was a job waitin' for me in Jacksonville, but I didn't have the carfare. I've got a brother-in-law there who said he'd give me the job if I could get there. I wasn't a bum. I had eleven dollars in my pocket. They took it away when they arrested me. Laughed at me when I mentioned it."

"Thet ain't right, son. Hit don't 'pear tuh me tuh be proper law, an' it sure ain't jestice. How tall air you?"

"Five eleven."

"What weight, you figger?"

"Round one sixty. I lost since I've been with the road gang."

"How old, son?"

"Twenty-three."

"I hed a boy thet age when he went across tuh the war, an' he didn't come back. There's some clothes of his'n thet should fit you, son. You'll find 'em in thet blue chest. It ain't locked."

"You're sure good to me."

"Shucks! You git changed. Leave your duds at the bottom of the chest. We'll git rid of 'em later."

The old man laid down the wooden chain and hauled a wallet out of his inner pocket. It was a thin one. From one fold he brought a single bill—five dollars.

He raised his head as the fugitive came out.

"Thet's fine," he said softly. "Son, the main highway is four miles down the road, south. Georgia-Florida line ain't more'n twenty. It was too bad you got so close befo' they ketched you. You kin git the bus tuh Jacksonville. Hit comes erlong a li'l' befo' six. Heah's cahfare. You kin send it back sometime, if you've a mind tuh. The name's Obed Foster. Jest address it tuh Foster's Gap."

"I'll send it back. First money I get. I don't see why you do all this."

"Figgered from the start you'd had a raw deal. You didn't sound like you was lyin' tuh me. You talk some like my boy. Thet officer proved up you told the truth. If you'd lied it would hev been different. I plumb abominate a liar."

"*You* lied for *me*, when you said you hadn't seen me."

Obed Foster chuckled.

"No, I didn't lie, son. You see, them two fellers in the cyar never figgered thet a man who kin whittle a wooden chain might not see good. Any mo' than you did. I didn't see you. I've bin stone-blind fo' three years."

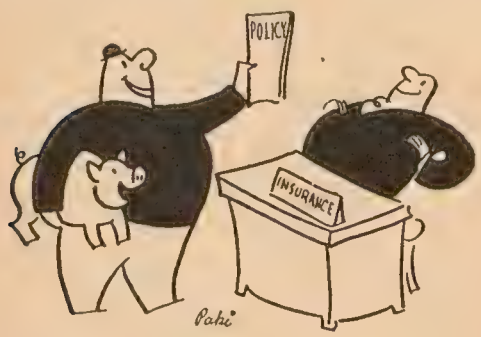
THE END

Vox Pop

Paid Out Ten Million Dollars a Day

NEW YORK, N. Y.—One thing I like about your old department is that it isn't full of this defeatest stuff that most politicians and too many regular people are spilling these days. Such people make me sick! They're licked before they start.

Now, I don't want to boast, but I've been able to keep my little business going on an even keel during the last six



years; and a lot of other insurance men I know have done the same. You may have heard of that fellow out in Kansas—he was in a hot spot, what with the drought and everything—who gave each man who took out a policy a sow that had just been bred. He figured that by the time the next year's premiums were due the baby pigs would be ready for the market and the policyholder would be in funds. He was right, too. He didn't lose a policy.

Not a bad idea for the insurance man, and not a bad idea for the policyholder, either. A lot better, I say, than plowing under with a triple A!

Few of our boys were as farseeing as this Kansas man, but we must all of us have been pretty well on our toes. Last year, throughout the United States, we sold nearly nine billion dollars' worth of new life insurance, which brings the total amount in force up to a hundred billion dollars, and the amount paid in annual premiums well above three and a half billions. That's over 7 per cent of the national income. And we didn't keep up that record by lying down and saying we were licked.

It was a good thing we didn't, for the policyholders even more than for ourselves; for there was never a time when the benefits of life insurance were so welcome or so needed. Right through the six depression years the life-insurance companies of this country paid out an average of ten million dollars a day to beneficiaries and to the policyholders themselves. Of the two billion six hundred million paid out last year, one billion seven hundred million went to living policyholders.

That is what I call Relief with a capital R—and it all went to the ones who deserved it and not into the pockets of politicians!—*Just an Insurance Man.*

NOT IN JAIL YET

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—After reading Find Cause—Stop Disease, in Vox Pop of March 28, by Stanford Kingsley Claunch of Pacific Grove, California, we take off our hats to Liberty for printing the letter, as, in our opinion, it hits the nail right on the head.

But what surprises us is that the Medical Trust has not had the editor of Vox Pop thrown in the hoosegow, and thrown the keys away, for printing it! —*A. A. Selby, D. C.; A. J. Wade, D. C.*

THE REAL ELECTION RETURNS

MARION, IND.—In the issue of April 4 Vox Popper J. M. Hicks takes occasion to notice that, politically speaking, we Americans are a crazy lot. I agree.

No matter whom we elect, we become dissatisfied and wish we had voted for the other candidate. No sooner are we glad to be rid of one President than we begin to find fault with the next.

After the next election it is quite possible that we will be "bored with Borah," or "knocking Knox," or "mosey-in' along with Macfadden," or "laying around with Landon." We won't be satisfied, no matter whom we elect!—*Ralph Cokain.*

GET BEHIND RESERVE PILOTS BILL

WASHINGTON, D. C.—As the cost of maintaining one Regular Air Corps pilot is equal to the cost of maintaining eight Reserve pilots in military flight proficiency, it is only fair that Reserve pilots and their dependents have some protection and care for injury sustained "in line of duty."

At the present time an Air Reserve pilot, when injured "in line of duty," receives full pay for six months (including flight pay for three of those months), together with hospitalization. After six months such hospitalization as necessary. If rendered "unfit for further duty," it is just "too bad."

There is a bill, S. 4130, before the Senate which would remedy that condition, and we hope that the large army of Liberty readers will support it.—*William Seth Kenyon.*

GOD SAVE THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

OAK PARK, ILL.—For the edification of Mr. Kenny in March 28 Vox Pop, The Star-Spangled Banner is the national anthem of the United States, and it does not have the same air as God Save the King; but then, I guess an ardent supporter of the New Deal wouldn't be expected to know that. I think your modern magazine is the tops, and may Mr. Macfadden continue to write his swell editorials many more years.—*Chester Strail.*

FLUSHING, N. Y.—Mr. John F. Kenny, you asked for it, so here it is: Our national anthem, in case you care, is The Star-Spangled Banner, officially adopted as such by the United States on March 3, 1931, and its air is in no way similar to God Save the King, which same, too, is not Canada's national song (information), whether you whistle it or play it on a jew's-harp.

The air is all yours, sir—hot!—*A. E. Mowry.*

THIS SCOURGE OF AMATEURS!

PITTSBURGH, PA.—One of the present ills of this nation is a scourge of amateurs. And now Liberty has fallen victim! If something isn't done, I fear the ultimate consequences.

We have too much entertainment talent already. Why should any organization or individual heap more upon an already overcrowded market? Have we forgotten the lesson of post-war overproduction? The entertainment barons keep shoving more and more would-be geniuses upon our long-suffering eyes and ears.

It is well known to psychologists that once a person of mediocre talent is encouraged in some one endeavor, that

person will persist in that one endeavor, despite the fact that he or she is best fitted for something else.

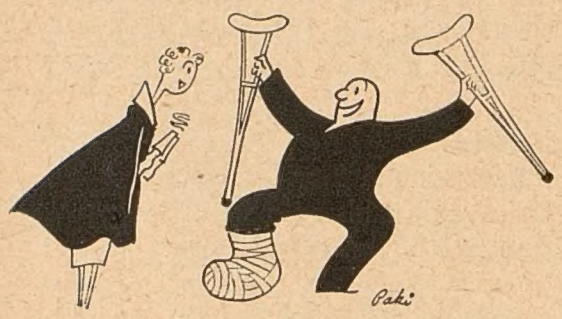
We are spoiling a great many plumbers, bricklayers, factory girls, cab drivers, and scrubwomen. If it keeps up we shall soon be knee-deep in stage and radio artists and writers who can be bought for a dime a dozen!—*James Potter Whitehead.*

TEAM UP AIMEE AND LANDON

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—We don't want Mary Pickford for President (see April 4 Vox Pop), for she couldn't balance the budget. Aimee Semple McPherson could do it, and put on a good show at Washington. She could do anything the

people wanted—and you'd realize it if you looked in the Miracle Room at Angelus Temple. There are canes and crutches, wooden legs and false arms—things discarded by those whom Sister Aimee has cured.

Then why can't she balance the budget? She can and will. Give her a hand, boys and girls—a handful of votes, or prayers. As a running mate we could have Landon, the wizard of the plains, who didn't exceed his budget because it is unlawful in the State of Kansas for a governor to spend or appropriate a cent above the bank balance! The ticket, then, is Aimee and Landon or inflation.—*Ned Mauston.*



AGHAST AT MR. COLLINS

SEATTLE, WASH.—As the father of a seventeen-year-old girl I wish to protest, as vigorously as circumstances permit, the rottenness (filth) in the article The New Romance in Clark Gable's Life, by Frederick L. Collins, which appeared in March 7 Liberty. I found my daughter reading the magazine, and am aghast at the thought of the consequences of such reading as the article in question to the mind of my daughter and to the minds of other young girls everywhere.

I cannot believe that a man big and clean enough to be qualified to be the President of the United States, Mr. Bernarr Macfadden, can be aware of the contents of the article mentioned and make no change in the caliber of the writers who work for him.—*John J. Doherty.*

[We asked Mr. Collins to answer Mr. Doherty, and he said: "English words fail me. But the French have a phrase for it: '*Honi soit qui mal y pense*'—which, broadly translated, means, 'Evil to him who evil thinks.'"—VOX POP EDITOR.]

PHILADELPHIA HUMOR (?)

HUNTINGTON, W. VA.—There have been several brands of Philadelphia humor (?) appearing in Vox Pop lately, and somehow they never fail to get my goat. Especially one signed by A Social Leader, which I disregarded, and now, in April 4 Vox Pop, Abolish Pardon Boards, with Common Sense as a tag, which is the proverbial straw.

What I want to know is this: If nobody at all—not even the President—has the right to pardon a prisoner or criminal (by the way, all prisoners are not criminals and the biggest criminals never saw a jail), who in the hell has the right to convict them in the first place?—*Paul S. Becker.*

"WHAT THE WORKERS WANT"

HUTCHINSON, KAN.—As a rule, Bernarr Macfadden's editorials are sound and show constructive thinking; but he must have gone to sleep when he wrote in What the Workers Want (April 4 Liberty) as follows:

"And when government tries to bring prosperity through legislation, such measures only serve to prolong our difficulties."

Are our problems providential or are they man-made? If they are the result and a part of providence, then man should not try to remedy them. If they are man-made, then man can and he should correct the evils. Thousands of your readers feel they are man-made and can be corrected through proper legislation.

How? First and foremost is to return to the Constitution and allow Congress to regulate the value and quantity of Uncle Sam's money in circulation. This would destroy the unholy monopoly which a few favored citizens have enjoyed for the past fifty years. This would place the lifeblood of business in the hands of the people—where it belongs.—*E. G. Woleslagel.*

"LOUIS WILL BE DEFEATED"

DANVILLE, VA.—I should like to remind Mr. Howard B. Potts of Byesville, Ohio (March 14 Vox Pop), that if he has been a reader of Liberty for eight or nine years, then he is old enough not to be so naïve about the professional boxing game.

Joe Louis was brought out by the boxing promoters for the purpose of making money for them, and not for the purpose of being defeated. He would have won his past bouts against any other boxer in the country, simply because the bouts were not difficult and were part of the campaign to make Louis (a colored man) the champion.

This ballyhoo was calculated to revive professional boxing and put it back in the money column.

Probably, after Louis and his promoters amass a fortune, Louis will be defeated like former champions, and his conqueror will likewise be acclaimed the "world's greatest."

So, we go through it again and again, don't mind paying for it, and the music (coin tinkling in the till) goes round and around.—*S. E. Hodnett.*

"Would you mind bringing me a pound of sugar on your next trip up?"

OMENS IN SCRAPBOOK

LOCKPORT, N. Y.—We have read Liberty for three years, and certainly enjoy reading it. I have been saving your Lucky Omens. Last week I found a pair of glasses. I don't know whether they are men's or ladies', but they seem to be of an expensive type. And for this last two weeks every time I go down the

street I have found a man's handkerchief.

Can you tell me what these mean? I have pasted all of the omens in my scrapbook.—*Mrs. P. M. B.*

DUNKLE'S BOTTLE STORY

NEW BEDFORD, MASS.—Mr. Dunkle's Diary, by Norman Anthony, proved very interesting until I came to the bottle story in the March 28 issue.

This story has been in common circulation long enough so that, instead of seeing thirty-six bottles after emptying six, he should have seen a preprohibition barroom, to equal the age of the story.—*A. G. Teachman, Jr.*

EACH THINKS THE OTHER A FOOL

DETROIT, MICH.—After having read Liberty ever since its entry into the magazine field (missing only a few copies) and incidentally reading Vox Pop, I am forced to the conclusion that it is a waste of good energy for dissenters to indulge in criticism of various articles published in Liberty, trying to point out mistakes or errors.

Why?

Well, the Vox Pop editor seems always to have an answer that cannot be refuted.

It reminds me of the controversial subject that has always existed between the old and the young, and they both agree upon it in a most peculiar manner: each side thinks the other is a fool.—*E. S. Gray.*

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

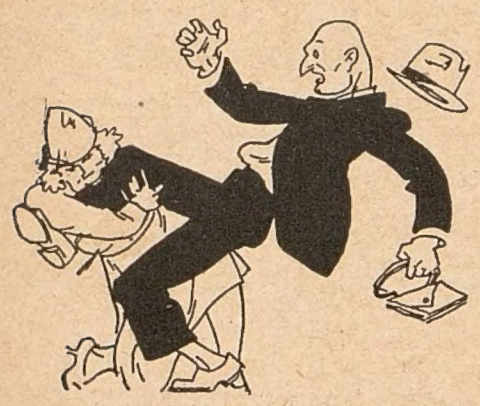
IT HAPPENED IN...

RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL—Two counterfeiters were arrested on charges of passing bogus American currency. They pleaded illegal detention through a lawyer and were released on writs of habeas corpus. Then they carefully paid the attorney with five handsomely printed $100 bills, which turned out to be counterfeit, and fled the country.

MIAMI, FLA.—Only one month old, Richard Harvey Flanagan, Jr., was enrolled by his parents in the local Townsend Club.

STOCKTON, CALIF.—A war veteran inserted this advertisement in the Help Wanted, Female, column of a Stockton newspaper: "Wanted—a wife; veteran, refused relief by SERA, must marry or starve."

CHICAGO, ILL.—Mrs. Alice Schiavon told police a purse snatcher tried to rob her, but he didn't because: she tripped him, stamped on his face, kicked him in the side, tackled him when he tried to escape, and, finally, sank her teeth in his left leg. He then dropped the purse and ran, she said.



LUCKY OMENS

To quarrel with a relative is natural.

To quarrel with a lover is unlucky, unless the quarrel is made up before night.

To quarrel with wife or husband is unfortunate in more ways than one.

To quarrel with a brother or sister means bad luck for both as long as the quarrel is kept up and they are not reconciled.

To get too much change in a shop means fortune's increase if the shopper is first to rectify the mistake.

To quarrel with a shopkeeper is unlucky.

—Roy L. McCardell.

NEW DEAL ALMANAC

Millions for tribute, but not one cent for defense.

—The Pacifists.

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

COVER PAINTED BY VICTOR TCHETCHET

NEXT WEEK LIBERTY WILL EXPOSE

WHAT COMMUNISTS PLAN FOR YOU!

DON'T MISS THIS STARTLING WARNING OF WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO YOUR LIBERTY UNDER THE DESPOTISM OF THE RED FLAG. BE ON YOUR GUARD BY KNOWING WHAT THE ENEMY PLANS!

DARK MASQUERADE

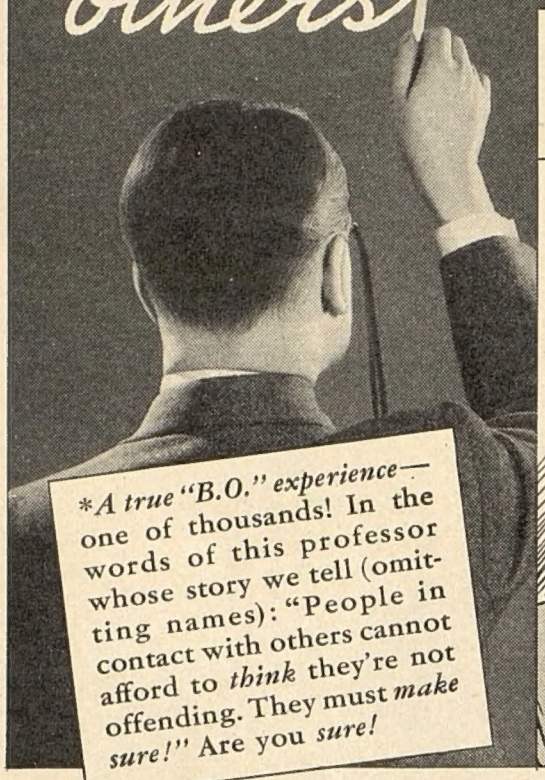
Begin this exciting novel of love and crime and redemption and see if you can discover its illustrious anonymous author!

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE—

REFUGE by HAGAR WILDE—YOU HAVE TO GET TOUGH by JEROME BARRY—WHO OWNS LITTLE AMERICA? by GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK—RICH MAN'S SON by CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.—WITHOUT WARNING by MAJOR GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT and EDWARD DOHERTY.

NEXT WEEK IN **Liberty** ON SALE WEDNESDAY MAY 13

I thought "B.O." was something that happened to others!

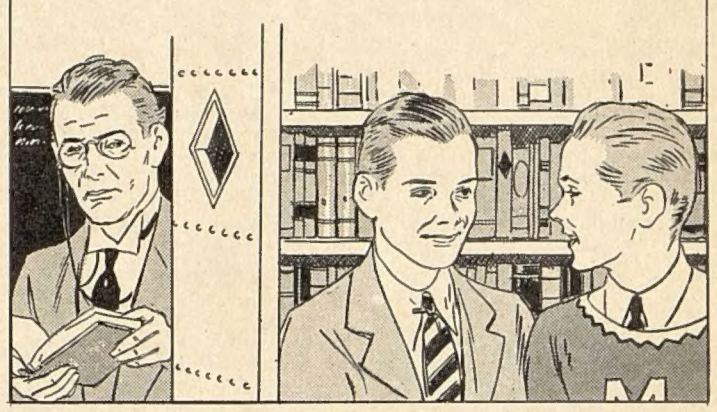


**A true "B.O." experience*—one of thousands! In the words of this professor whose story we tell (omitting names): "People in contact with others cannot afford to *think* they're not offending. They must *make sure!*" Are you *sure!*

*A PROFESSOR LEARNS A VALUABLE LESSON FROM A STUDENT

I WAS IN LINE FOR PRINCIPAL OF A BIG HIGH SCHOOL. I WAS STUNNED WHEN A LESS EXPERIENCED TEACHER GOT THE JOB

I OVERHEARD SOME STUDENTS DISCUSSING THE AFFAIR. "HE'S A GRAND GUY," ONE SAID. "HE READS VOLUMES ABOUT NACL AND H_2O, BUT HE NEVER READ A LINE ABOUT 'B.O.'"



AND I THOUGHT "B.O." HAPPENED TO OTHERS, NOT TO ME! I STARTED USING LIFEBUOY TO MAKE SURE!

NO DANGER OF "B.O." NOW. AND I WON THAT NEXT APPOINTMENT—THANKS TO LIFEBUOY

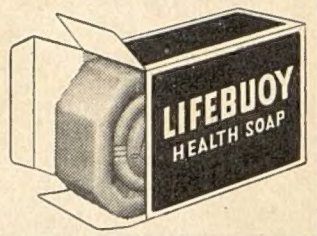
Try this 20% milder lather —for a healthy, clear complexion

LIFEBUOY'S deep-cleansing, *gentle* lather freshens, revives a tired, dull complexion; protects the smooth loveliness of a fine skin. "Patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women prove it's more than 20% *milder* than many so-called "beauty soaps."

You can't tolerate it in others

Don't take chances with "B. O." (*body odor*)! — bathe regularly with Lifebuoy! Its abundant lather purifies every pore, keeps you indisputably *fresh!* Its own clean scent rinses away.

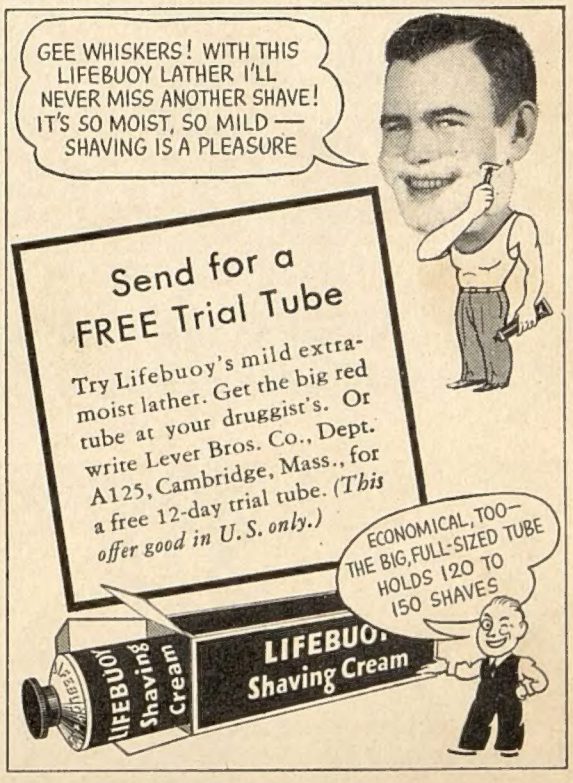
Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau



BEATS OTHER LEADING SHAVING SOAPS FOR MILDNESS

WHAT'S THE MATTER, KEN—DON'T YOU BELIEVE IN SHAVING ANY MORE? YOU LOOK LIKE OLD FATHER TIME
MAN, IF SHAVING IRRITATED YOUR SKIN LIKE IT DOES MINE, YOU'D SKIP IT, TOO, EVERY TIME YOU GOT A CHANCE. IT'S PUNISHMENT

IT WOULDN'T BE IF YOU USED LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM. IT'S LOTS MILDER—SOOTHING TO TENDER SKIN. AND ITS 52% 'MOISTER' LATHER SOAKS BEARDS SOFT
JUST WHAT I NEED! I'LL GET SOME TONIGHT


GEE WHISKERS! WITH THIS LIFEBUOY LATHER I'LL NEVER MISS ANOTHER SHAVE! IT'S SO MOIST, SO MILD — SHAVING IS A PLEASURE
Send for a FREE Trial Tube
Try Lifebuoy's mild extra-moist lather. Get the big red tube at your druggist's. Or write Lever Bros. Co., Dept. A125, Cambridge, Mass., for a free 12-day trial tube. (This offer good in U.S. only.)
ECONOMICAL, TOO—THE BIG, FULL-SIZED TUBE HOLDS 120 TO 150 SHAVES
LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream
LIFEBUOY Shaving Cream

Drink PABST and the world drinks with you –

FINE flavor knows no boundaries. To lovers of beer the world over—Pabst TAPaCan brings beer flavor never before possible.

Whether folks gather at Harry's New York Bar in Paris—or in the smart spot in your own home town—they are enjoying delicious Pabst flavor, purity, wholesomeness just as it came from the brewery. Sealed in the tamper-proof, non-refillable can, Pabst Export Beer retains its delicate brewery goodness and fragrant bouquet for your own personal enjoyment.

Drink Pabst—and the world drinks with you. Call for it by name—Pabst TAPaCan.

INSIST ON ORIGINAL PABST TAPaCan

- Brewery Goodness Sealed In
- Protected Flavor and Wholesomeness
- Non-Refillable—Tamper-proof
- Flat Top—It Stacks Easily
- Saves Half the Space—yet contains twelve ounces, same as bottle
- No Deposits to Pay—No Returns
- Easy to Carry—No Breakage

Old Tankard Ale

Enjoy genuine Old Tankard Ale—full bodied, full flavored, full strength. Brewed and mellowed by Pabst.

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PABST *Export* TAPaCan BEER

BREWERY GOODNESS SEALED RIGHT IN